THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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APRIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE LOUISE.

"I tell you I do not love you,
Nay, look into my eyes—
But beware, beware, above you
Now laugh the April skies.

"When you find May-bloom in the snow,
Or ice in the rose's place,
Then I'll give you 'yes' for my 'no'—
What readest in my face?

"Dost spell con-fess-ion on my brow,
Sweet love tales in my eyes?
O skeptic! look, and tell me now
I'm like the April skies."

The gay girl knew nor tears nor ruth—
O'er her blossoming, bright face,
Beauty's sun through the dews of youth
Shone with bewitching grace.

The merry mouth and tinted cheek,
The glance-returning eye
Foil the bold lover who would seek
To read that April sky.

"A truce, a truce," he humbly cries;
"Fairest, I kneel to thee;
I'll trust no more to April skies,
They're false as false can be.

"My gracious queen, forgiveness deign;
Grant only this one boon—
I'll breathe no word of love again;—
(Until the month of June.")

THE LITTLE NEWS-BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

PART I.

"Here's your 'Publican and *Democrat*.' All about the great fire. Latest news from Europe!"

The voice was a clear, childish treble, and the owner of the voice, a boy of perhaps ten years, came rapidly up the street, making his way through crowds with an ease and celerity peculiar to his craft—answering questions, "making change," and crying his papers, all in a breath.

Looking closely at him, you saw that he was a cripple. Not deformed in any way, but one arm seemed a trifle smaller than the other, and hung loosely at his side, paralyzed. I think people favored him on this account. Burly porters called to him as he passed along; ebony-hued barbers in irreproachable linen hailed him from the steps of basement saloons; brisk business-men paused on their way down town, to buy the morning paper.

"*Here's* yer 'Publican and *D-e-mocrat*."

There were but two papers left now. The news boy's morning task was almost done.

"I'll take them," said an elderly man, evidently from the country, who had been watching the little fellow for some minutes.

"Seems to me you're a little chap to be selling papers," remarked the tall man, by way of conversation, as he deposited his new purchases in the depths of a capacious pocket, and drew out a well-filled pocket-book, which looked like its owner—substantial and well-to-do. A kindly man, sensible and reliable—one look in his face would tell you that. One of those people with whom children and horses and dogs claim kinship readily.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy cheerfully. "I'm not very big, but I'm big enough to need a living, and this is the way I help to earn it."

The stranger glanced in surprise from the brave hopeful young face, to the poor, useless right arm of the boy before him.

"That's right, my son. You've got grit, I see. You ought to go to school, though, now while you're young, and then, when you grow to be a man, you could get into some good business."

"I always went till last winter. Sister Annie couldn't get much work to do, and the landlord raised on the rent, and everything got so dear that she couldn't get me good clothes to go to school; so she teaches me at home now, and in the mornings and evenings I sell papers."

"Do you and your sister support the family?"

"All the family are dead but Annie and me."

There was a whole history in these words, few and simple as they were. They revealed a new phase of life to this man, who, at sixty years of age, knew absolutely nothing of the straits to which thousands of the poor in cities like St. Louis are daily reduced. So he became deeply interested in this fragment of a story to which a city man would have listened with indifference.

"What is your name?" he inquired, after a pause.

"Charley Sheldon, sir."

"Well, Charley, how would you like to go and live in the country with me? I live a long way from here, in Ohio. It's a very different place from this, of course. There's not so many sights to be seen, nor so much going on; but it's a mighty good place, for all, and I think you would like it. My wife and me haven't any children; there's nobody but ourselves and the farm hands. If you'll come and be my boy, we can give you plenty to eat, drink and wear; and when you get old enough I'll send you to college. What do you say?"

"Do you really mean it, sir?"

"Sartainly I do. Will you go, if your sister consents?"

A bright, eager look flashed into the boy's face, and then died out again.

"Oh! I should be so *glad* to go—but Annie would be all alone. I can't go away and leave her."

"Don't be in a hurry about making up your mind. Take a little time to study on it. And now, if you'll show me where you live, I'll see what your sister thinks about it. We can't do anything about it without her consent, you know."

Through street after street they went, the news-boy and his new friend, until the good man was fairly bewildered. On and on, till they reached a miserable tenement, filled from cellar to attic with people of all ages and sizes—the families of working-men, some of them not remarkably clean, but nearly all Americans, and much more respectable in appearance than the foreigners who filled several other houses near by. Charley led the way up a flight of stairs, and into a room on the second floor, where a young girl sat sewing.

"Annie, this is a gentleman who wants me to go and live with him."

"My name is Woods, ma'am—Josiah Woods, at your service," amended that gentleman with a sort of rustic courtesy which had at least the merit of being sincere. Miss Sheldon bowed, and placed a chair for her visitor, who sat down and looked about him with the air of a man who feels that he has passed a trying ordeal, and is once more at liberty to breathe freely.

How clean and pure and homelike everything in that small room was; the pretty verbena and tiny box of mignonette in the window, the gray kitten stretched contentedly in the sun on the floor; even the well-scoured old table, standing unsteadily on its rheumatic legs; and over all the gentle, womanly presence of this young girl, with shining bands of satin-smooth hair, whose brown eyes sought his face with a look of anxious inquiry which irresistibly compelled him to go on and explain the object of his visit.

He did so, in a straightforward, manly way, which must have convinced any one of his truth. Annie Sheldon did not distrust him; her instincts were true and pure as those of a child, and she knew that this rough farmer meant just what he said. As he talked, a vision arose in her mind of a farm-house, low-roofed and old; of a shady orchard, grassy meadows, and the pleasant gurgle of running water—a picture of the country as she had seen it when she was a little child, and went with her mother to visit at "Uncle Joseph's."

But—could she let Charley go away from her forever, even to a home like that? Could she give up this one little, crippled brother who was near and dear to her as her own soul; for whom she had hoped and worked and planned ever since her mother died; for whose sake, had the need arisen, she would have laid down life itself. She tried to put away all selfish feeling, all thought of her own pain, and to think only of what would be best for him. The future looked dark enough before them both, here in the city. She had toiled, early and late, while there was plenty of work to do; now, when employment was difficult to be obtained, she labored no less faithfully to keep the wolf of hunger from the door—a difficult task, even with the assistance Charley was able to render by selling newspapers.

And then she dreaded to have him in the streets so much. It would be worse than death, she thought, to see him sink to the level of those juvenile ruffians who congregate at street corners, smoke bad cigars, and wrangle by the hour. In the country he would be out of the way of temptation, and, with the advantages Mr. Woods promised to give him, would become, what she felt that God and nature intended him to be, a true man, upright and honorable in heart and life. As for herself—well this life would not last always, and even if Charley should cease to remember her among new friends and new scenes—he was but a child now, and might do so—it would not be strange if he did—still, there was a "better country" and he would love and remember her there. Something of the pain at her heart must have shown itself in her face, for the stranger said kindly,

"I know it hurts you to think of parting with him, and I won't ask you to decide now; but come and take a look at the place and the people where I live, before you say yes or no."

She smiled. "I can't tell you how much I should like to go, but it is quite impossible. If I could obtain some kind of employment in the country, teaching or sewing, or anything else that I could do to earn a living for myself and Charley, I should be glad to leave Saint Louis altogether."

Mr. Woods brought his hard hand down upon the table with energy.

"Why didn't I think of it before. I'm one of the school directors in our district, and we've been trying for the last six weeks to get a teacher that would suit us. We wanted a good one, and that kind aren't very plenty out our way. You have a good education, I know. Couldn't you take the school?"

"As to education, I was considered a good English scholar when I left Mrs. Willard's seminary, and I should be glad to take the situation if you think I could do justice to it. But, I must tell you that I have had no experience."

"I've no manner of doubt but you'll suit," said the man.

He did not tell her what he really thought, that her manners and way of speaking had convinced him that she was a lady and well educated, while Charley's cheerful and prompt obedience was the strongest possible proof of her ability to train other children.

A little more conversation followed, terms were agreed upon, and then Mr. Woods arose to go.

"Now that the bargain is all made and everything settled, I may as well pay you part of your salary in advance. You'll need it, maybe, for travelling expenses and such like," saying which he handed her a little roll of bills. "I'll see to Charley's outfit and pay his way, of course."

The tears sprang to Annie's eyes as she thanked him and tried to express her gratitude, but he stopped her.

"If there's any gratitude in the case, I allow that we are the ones that ought to feel obliged, for we've got rid of the trouble of hunting for a teacher. Besides, I've taken a real fancy to this little brother of yours, and I see you won't give him to me—I don't blame you either—so you must both live at my house—it's as near to the school as any—and I shall carry my point after all," with a genial laugh that was pleasant to hear.

A week later Annie and Charley Sheldon were established in the hospitable home of farmer Woods. Warm-hearted Mrs. Woods could hardly have received them more cordially if they had been her own children returned to her after a long absence. Indeed, I think that both herself and her husband looked upon them in some sort as taking the places of the young son and daughter who had been borne out from the old homestead more than a score of years before, leaving weary, desolate hearts to mourn their loss. Looking at Annie, the childless mother thought of another bright, young head over which the roses had blossomed through many and many a summer, and her heart warmed toward this girl who seemed near to her, somehow nearer than any one had ever come since the death of her own daughter. She would have been a middle-aged woman now, if she had lived, but for those who die in youth there is no growing old; and so the mother thought of her always as a winsome young creature with bloom on her cheeks and sunshine in her hair—would always think of her thus till she met her on the other shore, a white-robed saint.

There was little resemblance between Annie and this one "loved and lost" to whom Mrs. Woods likened her—no likeness which a stranger having known them both would have observed, excepting similarity in their ages, which were the same to a day. But this resemblance, slight as it was, was enough to make Annie's presence a comfort and pleasure to both parents who wished to adopt the brother and sister and make them the legal heirs of their property. But Annie, glad as she was of a pleasant and permanent place of abode, and grateful for the affection lavished on her, was yet very independent, and so insisted on paying for her own board and clothing Charley out of her salary, and the worthy couple had nothing to do but submit.

It was a pleasant place to which Providence had guided the steps of these two. A pleasant place with nothing of the new, unfinished look peculiar to the West. The house, a substantial building of red brick, looked as if it had stood there always. The ancient well-sweep, green and mossy with age, seemed a relic of antiquity. The garden was full of old-fashioned flowers: lilacs and snowballs and pinks and velvet marigolds, and roses clambered over the wide porch where Mr. Woods liked to sit in the early evening and smoke. Charley was delighted, and before the week was out had established a friendly acquaintance with every horse and cow and sheep and chicken on the farm. Then, when Sunday came, he straightened his face and went with the family to church; for farmer Woods, if not polished in his manners, was a God-fearing man, and every Sabbath himself and his wife were to be found in their pew in the little gray, stone church. But this morning a perfect battery of eyes were trained on our little party as it entered; for to the rustic portion of the congregation the arrival of a "new school ma'am" all the way from Saint Louis was an event of no little importance. And, then, as Charley said afterwards, "He didn't wonder they stared so at Annie. She was pretty enough to be looked at." Truly the straw bonnet with its dainty, white ribbons, and the blue dress of some light, floating material were vastly becoming to the fair face and graceful, erect figure. Together they made a pretty enough picture.

Some one else thought so, too, judging from the admiring glances of a young man who sat in the squire's pew, directly opposite. I am not partial to blonde men; indeed I have no hesitation in saying that I greatly prefer dark hair and eyes; but even I could not choose but admire the thick, golden-brown hair, vivid blue eyes, handsome, aristocratic face, and grand, highbred air of Frederic Tracy. I think that most of the women whose hearts he won—and they were not few—began by admiring and ended by loving him.

Among the persons who came up, after the service was over, to shake hands with Mr. and Mrs. Woods, and be introduced to Miss Sheldon, was Squire Holton, a hearty, genial gentleman, and the most popular man as well as largest landed proprietor in the county; with Mrs. Holton and Miss Holton, stately ladies in splendid attire, to whom Annie Sheldon, being "only a teacher," was of very little consequence indeed. "But then," as the more polite elder lady observed, in a whisper, "we must be civil to her, you know, my dear."

A few smooth sentences in tones of bland condescension "Permit me to present my nephew. Mr. Tracy, Miss Sheldon." And with a bow and smile intended to be gracious, the two ladies rustled down the aisle and out of the door to the carriage which stood in waiting, taking "my nephew" with them.

"What a singularly truthful, earnest face that Miss Sheldon has. She's proud, too, as a duchess. My good aunt's patronizing kindness made very little impression on her," was Frederic Tracy's mental soliloquy as he rode home beside Madge Holton.

That young lady took occasion, as soon as she and her mother were safe within the house, to inquire, in a tone of vexation,

"Mamma, why *did* you introduce him to her?"

"Policy, my dear. He would have been sure to become acquainted with her in some way, and if he suspected that we had the shadow of a wish to prevent it, he would be deeply interested in her at once. Men are such contrary creatures."

Whereupon this model mother and daughter descended to the parlor and exerted themselves to the utmost—all in polite, feminine fashion, of course—to entertain and please this particular one of the "contrary creatures."

The next day Annie entered upon the discharge of her duties as a teacher. Her school consisted of some fifty girls and boys, ranging in their ages from five years to seventeen; and in all stages of progress with regard to studies, from little A, B, C, Darians up to three or four ambitious youths who aspired to study grammar and to cipher in fractions. This school had been in bad hands for nearly a year previously, the directors having unwisely put it in charge of a man who proved himself both inefficient and cowardly—a person whom neither man, woman or child could by any possibility respect. The effect of long misrule and insubordination were strikingly apparent in the behavior and appearance of the scholars, most of whom were rude and boisterous in manner and *not* carefully dressed.

But Annie was a conscientious woman, as I told you, possessing a great deal of patience, some firmness, and a fair share of that invaluable quality, tact. Under her careful management things gradually came to wear a more promising aspect. Steady discipline prevailed over ignorance, idleness, and obstinacy, and order was slowly evolved from chaos.

The work was hard at first. More than one night the young teacher came home utterly exhausted and weak as a little child. Mrs. Woods remonstrated; advised her to "Take things easier and not kill herself." She always smiled at this, and bade her *wait*.

It was Friday evening, the close of her first week of school-keeping, and with a glad heart Annie saw the last of her liege subjects disappearing with satchel and dinner-pail in the distance, while she locked up the house and followed slowly after. The very air seemed less sultry, the heat of that July afternoon less oppressive as she reflected that for two days now she was free to fling care to the winds and enjoy herself.

Coming up the steps at home she found Mr. Frederic Tracy seated on the piazza, deeply engaged in a political discussion with farmer Woods. He bowed with the grace of a courtier as she passed him on the way to her room, from which she presently emerged with smooth hair and freshly-ironed dress and collar. Mr. Tracy watched her furtively as she moved quietly about the cool, pleasant dining-room, rearranging the tea-table which Dolly, Mrs. Woods's awkward "help" had set out in a style which "*She* considered good enough for anybody," but Annie, being more fastidious in her taste, was silently doing it over again. And all the while Mr. Tracy's eyes followed her movements—careless eyes which yet saw everything without seeming to do so; taking in every point in her face and attire with an artist's appreciation of the soft outlines and delicate coloring, and a man's admiration for the subtile, inexplicable charm of her personal presence.

Supper over and all the family gathered on the porch, Mr. Tracy asked Annie to sing. She was fatigued in mind and body by the labors of the day, and would gladly have declined; but all joined earnestly in the request, and that fine courtesy of hers forbade a refusal.

"What shall it be?" she said, glancing at the visitor.

"Will you sing Leoline? It is my especial favorite."

It was her own, as well, and her voice, always clear and low, seemed just suited to the sweet, mournful words and plaintive air, lingering tenderly on the last line

"My lost love, Leoline."

At the close he thanked her with a warmth that brought a faint blush to her cheeks. Other songs followed, all sung in a style which the city man with his cultivated taste could pronounce really fine and beautiful; but there were none that he liked as well as "Leoline," and the words

"Still we were friends, yet only friends,"

lingered in his mind as he bowed himself out an hour later, with a gay good-night; bearing with him a hearty invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Woods to come again.

This was just what he wanted. He did go again and again, usually contriving to see Annie, who sometimes received him graciously enough, but oftener with a cool civility highly exasperating to the young man, who could not understand the indifference manifested toward himself by this girl, who was only a teacher, when his handsome cousin, Madge Holton, or any one of half a dozen others he could name would be proud of his attentions.

"Conceited" you call him. Perhaps you are right. But who made him so? Who taught him that vast wealth and a high name, such as he possessed, were sure passports to the favor of any woman less wealthy than himself? And how often had he seen this social policy carried out by his own young lady acquaintances? Here, however, was an experience entirely new to him; a woman truthful and self-respecting, whose pure eyes he felt sure looked beyond the mere accident of his worldly position to the man behind it. Whether the man pleased her he could not tell. If she cared at all for him she guarded the secret well. For the first time in his life Frederic Tracy was thoroughly in earnest; and gay, flattered man of the world as he was, would gladly have given all other hopes in life for the certainty of a favorable answer to three little words he was longing to utter, and yet dared not. Three little words that have made the happiness or misery of so many of earth's sons and daughters.

But one night, walking slowly up and down the vine-shaded porch with her hand on his arm, a sudden impulse seized him to tell her all and know his fate at once. He did tell her at length in some sincere, manly phrase which came straight from his heart. Silence fell between them for a little time while he waited for her answer; breaking out at last in passionate pleading:

"Annie, Annie, haven't you one word for me?"

For all answer she laid her cheek down on his arm in a mute gesture of trust and tenderness; and the next moment he was holding her in a close embrace, calling her his "darling," his "promised wife." So it was all settled, and in the autumn, when the yellow corn had been gathered in, and the trees had put on their royal vestments of crimson and gold, there would be a wedding at the farm-house—a blending together of two lives—a union of two hearts for time and eternity.

PART II.

The stately mansion on the hill was filled with company; a gay travelling party *en route* for the Lakes, whom Mrs. Holton had invited to spend a fortnight with her. There was John Holmes, a widower of forty, and "the richest banker in the city," a fact which managing mammas took care to impress upon the minds of their marriageable daughters. Doctor Haydn, a tall, broad-shouldered southerner, with a swarthy complexion and great, brilliant, black eyes; not handsome, but possessing a fascination of manner more potent than beauty. Mrs. Haydn, a brown-haired little woman, whose love for her husband was something refreshing to see amid the glitter and frivolity of fashionable life. Miss Annetta and Miss Augusta Bennet, languid belles, whose cheeks the soft breath of summer must not visit too freely lest it should darken the delicate blonde beauty of which both were so proud. Papa and Mamma Bennet, Gus. Poindexter, a gallant, professional beau, and Lieutenant West. All of them pleasant people to know in society, and in their collective capacity a very agreeable party.

"What have you been doing with yourself for the last month, Tracy?" asked Doctor Haydn, as the two men, who were old acquaintances, strolled off to enjoy a cigar and a quiet talk.

"Oh! hunting and fishing, and so on," replied Fred carelessly, albeit there was the faintest possible touch of embarrassment in his tone which the doctor, a quick observer, did not fail to notice.

"And so on! That means flirting, of course. You were never known to be without some little amusement of that kind on your hands, and Miss Madge has been telling me about a pretty woodnymph whom she avers you have fallen in love with," pursued the doctor in a bantering tone. Fred was used to the banter, however, and took it coolly enough.

"My cousin is given to making rash statements," he said. "The lady she alludes to—Ah! here she is now," as a sudden turn of the road brought them face to face with a slender girl in plumed hat and sweeping riding skirt,

who was coming leisurely from the opposite direction—Annie Sheldon.

Both gentlemen lifted their hats in courteous recognition of a lady's presence, and Frederic Tracy going nearer laid his hand playfully on the glossy, arched neck of her horse.

"Annie, will you stop a moment and allow me to introduce an old friend of mine? Doctor Hadyn, Miss Sheldon."

"Doctor Hadyn? is it possible?" said the sweet voice.

"I believe it is, Miss Annie," was the swift, smiling response with a ready hand to meet the small, gauntleted one extended to him in graceful cordiality. Then, more gravely, "I am glad to find that my little friend has not forgotten me." Simple, kindly words, nothing more; yet over all and through all was the subtile charm of this man's voice and manner—a charm which made Doctor Hadyn's society a rare pleasure to all with whom he came in contact.

"I shall be forgetful indeed when I forget you," going back as she said it to a time, long ago, when Doctor Hadyn had attended Charley through a long and dangerous illness. If she should live a thousand years she could never forget how kind he was to them both during that time of trouble; nor how, when she offered him the little money she possessed in part payment for his services, he put it back, saying, "Do you think I would take the bread out of your mouths, my child?"

That very day he was called away to visit a dying sister in Kentucky, and she had never met him again till this hour. He was not changed a bit, she thought. His thirty-five years sat lightly upon him. There were people who called Doctor Hadyn "dissipated," and hinted darkly at heavy losses at play; but in her womanly judgment, prejudiced by gratitude, he was all that was good and noble—a true friend. Meanwhile the doctor was saying to Frederic "You see I have had the honor of meeting Miss Sheldon before. We were acquainted in Saint Louis."

The three lingered together a few minutes in careless, kindly talk. At parting, Doctor Hadyn said,

"May I come up after dinner, and talk over old times with you and Charley?"

"Certainly. We shall be glad to see you at any time."

The bay pony, impatient at this short delay, cantered briskly away, and the two men continued their walk.

With rides and drives and rambles about the country the two weeks which Mrs. Holton's guests were to stay passed quickly away. Annie met them frequently in these expeditions, and once at church, and, although she did not visit at the great house, became acquainted with two of the party—Mrs. Hadyn and Mrs. Holmes. Doctor Hadyn called often at the farm-house, sometimes accompanied by his wife, who had conceived a great liking for Annie.

Frederic Tracy came very seldom. Miss Holton kept him busy in attendance upon herself and her companions.

"It was a great bore, of course," he said to Annie, "but she has no brother, and I cannot refuse to serve her."

I am inclined to believe that the service required of him was not such a bore as he would have had his pretty betrothed believe.

Almost any woman would have experienced some very disagreeable sensations at seeing her own affianced husband playing "gallant cavalier" to the elegant belles in bewildering toilettes who graced Holton House with their presence. But Annie, absolutely true herself, was slow to suspect others—very slow to suspect any want of faith on the part of this man who was so dear to her. She believed in him thoroughly, and looked hopefully forward to the time when the gay visitors would be gone, and her lover all her own again.

It was arranged that Mrs. and Miss Holton should join the travelling party in their trip to the Lakes. The squire stoutly resisted all the importunities of his pleasure-loving wife and daughter to accompany them, declaring that "They might go, if they wished, but for himself he could find much more enjoyment at home with Nellie for a housekeeper—she was old enough to oversee the servants while her mother and sister were gone."

Nellie was his younger daughter, fourteen years of age, and as unlike her sister as it was possible for anyone to be.

It was the night but one before their intended departure. Farmer Woods' house was almost deserted. Mr. and Mrs. Woods had gone to visit a sick neighbor; Dolly put on her bonnet as soon as her work for the evening was finished, saying she would "run over to see her mother, just across the field."

The farm-hands had separated to their respective places of abode, and Annie was left quite alone with her little brother. He had fallen asleep on a sofa, and Annie, having no one to talk to, employed herself in walking up and down the floor, trying by constant bodily exercise to keep off the depression that was stealing over her mind. Far away on the hill she could see Squire Holton's stately residence, its pillars gleaming white under the moon, and festal light streaming from every window. She remembered how Madge Holton had ridden by just before sunset, smiling and triumphant with Fred beside her, and his cold, stern look as he glanced toward the gate where she stood with Doctor Hadyn and Charley. Involuntarily the tears welled up to her eyes as she thought of it. She called herself "weak, foolish," as she brushed them away; but, foolish or not, the disagreeable impression remained.

Presently a step sounded on the gravelled walk outside—a step that she would know among a regiment—and Frederic Tracy came up the steps, pausing an instant at the door before entering, while the tear-stained face grew suddenly radiant, and two little, brown hands were extended in welcome. Mr. Tracy took them in his own in a listless, mechanical sort of way, and looked down into the "bonnie wells of eyes" raised so trustingly to his face.

"You're a fine actress, Annie, but the play is about over."

She looked at him in bewilderment, utterly unable to comprehend the strange words.

"What *do* you mean, Fred?"

He laughed, a little, scornful laugh.

"That innocent air is quite thrown away on me. It may succeed better with the next credulous fool that comes along, but I understand now, and can never marry you, for my wife, like Cæsar's, must be above suspicion."

She reeled as if he had struck her, and clung to a chair for support.

His face changed at that. The hard, bitter look softened away from it, and there was almost the old tenderness in his voice as he said,

"I spoke too roughly, Annie. I often do wrong myself, and should not censure you quite so severely for this one sin."

He even bent forward to kiss her, but she drew farther away, and walked unsteadily toward the staircase, putting out her hands like one stricken with sudden blindness.

When Charley awoke, a little while after, he found himself alone. He went up to his sister's room, but the door was locked. "She has got tired of waiting, and gone to bed," was the conclusion he came to. "I'll sit up till they come."

The little watcher had not long to wait. Dolly appeared directly, and soon after Mr. and Mrs. Woods returned. Then the house was closed for the night, and all sank to repose.

All but one, over whose head the moonlight fell whitely as she lay motionless on the bed where she had thrown herself without undressing, body and mind alike paralyzed by the blow that had struck all the brightness and joy out of her life, and with it her faith in humanity, even her trust in God. Midnight came, two, four, six, eight o'clock, and still she lay in that deathly stupor.

Had Mrs. Wood known of it, she would have been greatly alarmed; but *she* thought that Annie had gone out early to sketch, as she often did, and so felt no uneasiness about her.

The perfume of flowers and a sound of voices came up from the garden where Mrs. Woods stood talking with Doctor Hadyn. She was saying,

"Yes, Josiah went very early to the station with a load of wheat. Charley went with him, and Annie is out with her sketch-book, I believe."

To the slowly returning consciousness of the young girl the voices seemed faint and very far away. Even her own name had an unfamiliar sound, as if years had passed since she had heard it. All sense of pain was deadened down to a dreamy languor—a pleasant feeling as if she were drifting slowly away, away out of the world. Would nothing be able to rouse her?

Presently another sound broke the stillness of the summer morning—the quick, hard tramp of a horse ridden furiously. It came nearer and nearer, stopped at the garden gate.

"Hurry, doctor, for God's sake, to the depot. There has been a collision. You must go too, ma'am, and Miss Sheldon. Charley is dreadfully hurt."

Without a word Doctor Hadyn sprang into his saddle and galloped away, while the messenger, a near neighbor, led his own dripping beast to the stable from whence he soon emerged with a pair of fresh horses which he proceeded to harness to a spring wagon, at the same urging all to hurry as there was no time to lose.

And Annie—I think she would have heard those words if she had been dead, lying there. She arose, and with swift motions arrayed herself in bonnet and shawl. In the lower hall Mrs. Woods met her with outstretched hands and pitying eyes.

"My poor child! How can I tell you?"

"You need not. I know—I heard what he said."

Around her was sunshine, hot and molten. Among the boughs of a cherry tree out there in the yard a bird was singing loudly as if there were no such things as trouble and fear and sorrow in the world. The girl saw and heard it all—even the chirping of a grasshopper in the grass, and the white and crimson blooms of the portulacca at her feet. Every sense seemed alive to the most trivial sights and sounds, even while her soul was on the rack of a twofold agony. Not a word was spoken while the sympathising neighbor drove with almost headlong speed to the scene of disaster.

The steaming, smoking wrecks of two trains of cars, the frightened screams of some of the passengers, and the groans of others were horrible.

Mr. Holmes was there waiting for Annie. He came forward and lifted her down and drew her arm through his with a pitying tenderness for her suffering; answering in words the mute question in her eyes, one which her lips had no power to frame. "Yes, he is alive. He is there, a little way before us."

Dear heart! what a sight was that for a loving sister to see. There, on a mattress where kind hands had placed him lay Charley, blood trickling from a wound on the temple, while Doctor Hadyn knelt beside him engaged in binding up a still more ghastly one in his side.

"Is there any hope?" The words were a perfect wail of fear and anguish, and the physician's heart ached for her as he replied in a low tone,

"I am afraid not. I fear his worst injuries are internal, and if so he cannot live to see another sunrise."

To the people standing by it seemed cruel for him to tell her that; but Doctor Hadyn was a wise man, and he knew that she wanted to know the truth, whatever that might be. How many times has mistaken kindness on the part of physicians or friends in concealing the danger from one in mortal peril, resulted in a loss for which there is no remedy—the loss of an immortal soul. I pray God that when my last hour draws near I may have the services of a *truthful* physician.

Very carefully and tenderly they bore the crushed little form back to the farm-house. There were hours of suffering, only relieved at intervals by powerful opiates. Then the pain died away, and they knew he must go.

The western windows were opened wide to admit the air, and through them the last golden rays of the setting sun streamed into the chamber where the little news-boy lay dying. There were kindly faces about him, anxious, tearful faces. He knew them all; the old farmer and Mrs. Woods, who had loved him as their own; Doctor Hadyn and his gentle wife; Mr. Holmes and the grayhaired minister, Squire Holton and his daughter, with several country neighbors, while on her knees beside the low bed was his sister, and crouched at the foot, the great Newfoundland dog, who had been the boy's playmate through so many pleasant days. "Tige, good fellow. We shan't have any more fun together, shall we?" The faithful animal whined and crept closer, as almost human love and sympathy in his eyes, and the little hand rested for a moment on the shaggy head of this dumb friend.

Annie was weeping now with her face hidden against the bedclothes; quick, choking sobs that were pitiful to hear. Charley turned to her and put his arm feebly about her neck.

"Don't cry, sister. I am glad to go. Up in Heaven I shall have two hands like other people. I shall not be a cripple there."

"Oh! Charley, Charley!" wailed the girl in an agony of tenderness and remorse; remembering how often he had been neglected while her time and thoughts were given to another.

"I've thought sometimes, dear sister," he whispered, with his cheek against hers, "I've thought sometimes that you didn't love me as much as you used to. But I know, now, that you do." He lay back on the pillow exhausted by the effort of speaking, and the sister covered her eyes with her hands, trembling all over with an anguish whose depth and bitterness only God might know. A faint smile flickered over the face on the pillow as he said, "I dreamed last night, Annie, that we lived in Saint Louis again," a pause, then with a fluttering sigh, "Oh! dear! I shall never see Saint Louis any more. I wish I could, though; just once before I die." He lay very still for a little while looking out through the open windows toward the distant city he would never see again.

The white lids drooped wearily, then flashed open suddenly, the eyes bright with a living joy. "Kiss me, sister, I'm going." She lifted the golden head to her breast and pressed her lips to the damp forehead in a long, lingering kiss of love and farewell. He looked round upon them all as they gathered closer, with a good-by for each; clinging last to the sister, who would gladly have borne him in her arms through the swellings of Jordan had it been possible. But this might not be. No *two*, dearly beloved though they be, can cross over together. At Death's portal they *must* part company. The arms relaxed their hold suddenly, the bright head sank heavier, the fluttering breath stopped—the little news-boy was in Heaven.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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A MOURNFUL JOURNEY.

The funeral train with the remains of President Lincoln left Washington on the morning of Friday the 21st. The train reached Baltimore about ten o'clock, and the body was received and attended to the Exchange by a large civic and military procession. After lying in state for several hours, the remains left for Harrisburg. Along the route crowds of people in silent grief assembled to witness the train pass. Gov. Curtin and staff met the remains at the state line. The train arrived at Harrisburg at 8.30 P. M., and notwithstanding a heavy storm there was a large procession of military and citizens. The remains were laid in state in the Capitol. They left for Philadelphia on Saturday morning, and reached this city on Saturday afternoon, being received by an immense procession of the citizens and military. The remains lay in state all Sunday in INDEPENDENCE HALL, a spot now doubly famous as the place where President Lincoln made his solemn declaration to our people that, rather than give up the sacred principle of free government, he would be willing to die by the assassin's hand on that very spot.

All day Sunday our citizens in a long line passed through the famous Hall of Independence, and gazed upon the sad and benignant face of the lamented dead. On Monday morning early the remains left for New York. And thus in its melancholy course passed on towards Springfield, where amid his friends and neighbors the body of Abraham Lincoln will be laid.

Never in the history of the world did a man go to his grave amid more universal manifestations of sorrow. You may walk for hours through the streets of this city, and not see a single house which bears not some evidence that those within are mourners. All men unite in a common testimony to the lenient and kindly nature of the slain, and to the loss the country has sustained in his foul murder. Political enemies clasp hands over his open grave, and swear that the Government and the Nation not only shall not receive even the slightest jar from the assassin's act, but that the Union, in all its broad and magnificent dimensions, shall stand still firmer, cemented anew by the precious blood and the hallowed memory of Abraham Lincoln.

MARRIAGES OF COUSINS.

It has long been the settled opinion of the great majority of writers upon physiology, that the marriages of near relatives, especially of first cousins, are usually productive of very unhappy results. The managers of asylums for the idiotic and insane, very generally, if we are not mistaken, hold to this view, and think they find in the statistics of such institutions abundant reasons for the belief. And yet there are not wanting those who subscribe to an opposite opinion. Among these is a French statistician, the results of whose investigations in one community we find reported as follows:—

"He carried on his investigations in the town of Hats, in the French department of the Loire Inferieure. Having selected forty-six cases of marriages between cousins, he examined the husbands, wives, and children, both in regard to their physical and intellectual development, and made inquiries concerning the families examined, and their ancestors, through the mayor, pastor, and oldest inhabitants. Combining the statistics thus collected, he has found that these intermarriages do not bring about disease, idiocy, or malformation. However, it is important to mark that these results are attributed by the writer to the favorable climate of the locality, and to the general habits, hygiene, and morality of the inhabitants, as well as to the absence of all hereditary disease. The town of Hats is situated upon a peninsula bounded on one side by the rocks of the seashore, and on the other by salt marshes. The air is pure, and the most frequent winds are from the north, north-east, and north-west. The number of inhabitants is about 5,300. They have little communication with other parts of the country, and their occupation is almost confined to the preparation of salt. They are very intelligent, almost all the adults being able to read. The morality is of high stamp, prostitution being unknown. Theft and murder have not occurred within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Mothers nurse their children till they are fifteen months old, and the general food of the population is of the vegetable class. There are at present in Hats forty-six consanguineous pairs of cousins, five unions between second cousins, thirty-one marriages of third cousins, and ten of cousins in the fourth degree. From the five unions of second cousins there have been twenty-three children, none of whom have presented any congenital deformity. Thirty-one marriages of third cousins have produced one hundred and twenty children, all healthy; and the marriages of fourth cousins have given rise to twenty-nine children, all of whom, with the exception of those who died of ague, were strong and healthy at the period of examination. The writer contends that such facts as the foregoing prove that consanguineous marriages by no means lead to the degeneration of a race."

For our own part, we should not be surprised if the physiological law which has been commonly supposed to exist forbidding the marriage of cousins, is in reality a law of much wider character and of more general application. If all men and women were perfectly and harmoniously constituted, it would be difficult to perceive how any marriages, sanctioned by love, could have unhappy results. But taking men and women as they are, it might seem reasonable to suppose, that where persons possessing similar unhealthy tendencies should unite in marriage, the effect might be to produce an even greater unhealthy tendency of the same character in their offspring. On the contrary, where a certain unhealthy tendency in one parent was met, and counteracted as it were, by a healthy tendency in that respect in the other, the children might reasonably expect to inherit, if not so healthy a constitution in the respect alluded to as one parent, a healthier constitution than the other.

Now, if this view be a correct one, evil results would not flow from the intermarriage of cousins simply because they were cousins, but only in so far as their mental and physical organizations partook, owing to their consanguinity, of the same natural infirmities and defects.

But, even as to this view, it would seem necessary to hold it with certain modifications; for, where the constitution is generally healthy, there seems to be a power of rectifying infirmities for which considerable allowance must be made. Thus of the children of two near-sighted persons, none may be near-sighted; of two blind persons, none may be blind; of two deaf persons, none may be deaf; of two cripples, none may be cripples.

Still, in relation to the marriages of cousins, whatever be the physiological law involved, so long as the statistics of benevolent institutions throw so much doubt upon the advisability of such unions, it certainly is much the safer policy to avoid them. And whatever young hearts may think in the momentary warmth of their affections, a family of children, most of whom are either deaf, or blind, or idiotic, or insane, is one of those dispensations which if they do not soon prove the grave of love, speedily whiten the hair, and blanch the cheeks, and take the joy and gladness out of life.

REWARD FOR THE ASSASSINS.—The Secretary of War has authorized a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the apprehension of the individuals who were engaged in the late murder of the President, and the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward. Fifty thousand will be paid for the apprehension of the murderer of the President, twenty-five thousand for the apprehension of G. A. Alzerott, and the like sum for the apprehension of David C. Harold, his accomplices. Persons harboring or assisting them to escape will be tried as accomplices, subject to trial before a military commission, and the punishment of death.

Alzerott, it is stated, has been arrested in Maryland. Of Payne, arrested at Washington, at the house of Surratt, nothing certain seems to be known. The man arrested at Tamaqua, Pa., as Booth, has been discharged.

LEE'S SURRENDER.—The contradictory stories in relation to this matter are set at rest by the official report, which states the men and material surrendered to General Grant by General Lee as follows:—26,115 men; 159 cannon; 71 colors; 1,100 wagons; 4,000 horses and mules, and 16,918 stand of arms. The paroling of the prisoners was completed on April 18th. Lee's army has dispersed. Grant's army is in the neighborhood of Burkesville, 52 miles west of Petersburg. It will probably move back to Richmond, owing to the difficulty of supplying it at Burkesville.

Letter from New York.

NEW YORK, April 15th, 1865.

Dear Post:—

Our President is dead! Yes, our President—the noble man to whom each and every loyal eye turned with pride and joy as victory after victory crowned his efforts for our weal, as the golden sheaves reward the earnest labor of the husbandman. He has stood up bravely and battled against all difficulties, pursuing but one steady course to one glorious end. Over his head clouds gathered and broke, but he neither shrank nor faltered, and at last the leaden mass parted, letting the glad warm sunlight fall through like a halo of glory about his head. He spoke, and sad hearts blessed him for the promise of peace restored and loved ones to be given to them again. He stretched forth his hand, and the heart of a nation thrilled with his touch; and even while the pulse ran high and the heart throbbed most gladly that hand grew cold in death. Quick, from the exultant land, his life passed like a sunbeam from the mountain, and it was darkness—deep, dread, impenetrable!

To describe how the news of President Lincoln's death was received here is utterly impossible. Upon each heart the blow fell as a personal affliction, and all mourned and mourn him as a beloved father and friend. If I may be permitted to speak of my own feelings, it will be but as an example of the universal woe that overspread our land as the paralyzing intelligence quivered through the country, from city to city, and village to village, till a happy nation fell prostrate under the weight of a crushing grief.

I was very happy on the night of the 14th of April. From the windows of my room at the St. Nicholas, I had looked down upon the brilliant city, where lights sparkled, and our colors waved brightly, saying to myself, "The war is over. Victory is indeed ours. Soon will the dear ones be all welcomed back to their homes, who are left to rejoice, and no more to be called away to danger, perhaps death. The draft has been stopped. The clouds break; the sun is shining! Oh, my God, I thank Thee!"

For many long and weary months, aye! years, I had watched the course of a dear one. The news of a battle blanched my lips with fear and stilled my heart with anxiety. When the storm rose, visions of dreary woods and swamplands haunted my mind, while the pitiless rain seemed to be beating upon dear, unprotected heads, bared for the sake of Liberty and Peace. There was a dear face upon which I had not looked for almost a year, and a voice for whose sound I yearned beyond the expression of words. But the dread suspense was over now. He would soon come again, and come in peace, no more to return. I could be patient now, even if it was to the completion of this cycle of time, and my heart swelled with pride when I thought of the part he had taken in the great work, to know that he had shared it all, and was yet spared to return to me unharmed.

In the midst of these pleasant reflections he came, walked in upon me rather unexpectedly to crown my cup of joy to blissfulness. The prayer of gratitude was yet warm upon my lips when the stroke fell which bowed us both, as it has bowed all, to the earth with affliction. Early in the morning a lady came to my door with white lips and anguished eyes to repeat the sad story, and I staggered back stunned, bewildered, through the maze of conflicting feelings, trying to discard belief in the frightful truth. "Dead! Killed. Murdered like a dog! Poor Mr. Lincoln! Dear, good, noble old President! so earnest, so faithful, so kind; so full of sympathy with the people that his pleasant jests and smiles fell benignantly upon us in the very hour of his fall. Oh, it cannot, cannot be true!"

Sitting down, shocked and quivering, all the noble career of his administration passed rapidly through my mind, bringing me up to the day of the last Inauguration, when he sat so gravely in the Senate to wait the hour for taking a second time the oath of office. Then his speech on the capitol steps, the parting of leaden clouds to let the sunshine fall upon him as he took the oath—an omen that shed gladness upon thousands of hearts. I could picture him in my mind as he was driving back to the White House, his noble head bared, his face bright with cheerful smiles as the crowd cheered him in passing.

Then that last grand reception night, when the thousands that clasped his hand were each and all greeted with the same cordial smile that said as heartily as his lips—"I am glad to see you." Bronzed and weather-beaten soldiers who had stood up before the storm of battle, side by side with fair dames in rustling silks, came to clasp his hand and to look confidently in his face with the heartfelt—"God bless you, sir," while his firm, true grasp and hearty voice responded the distinction he made in favor of

the brawny soldiers, to whom we all owe what we have gained of victory, through the guidance of the man who lies dead to-day, where yesterday he walked in the pride of health and strength and triumph!

I could see him stooping his tall form to greet little children, whom he loved as little children. And, again, as the blaze of lights made brilliant a royal scene, when he walked through the Patent Office on the night of the grand ball. All, all, came up like a dream before me, while the gloom of bereavement settled over the city, and the sad insignia of grief hung all over the great metropolis, where the bright flags so lately fluttered.

Strong men wept in the streets, women sobbed in their chambers, and little children moved about with hushed voices, with badges of mourning upon their little shoulders.

Alas! for our President dead! Alas! for the sorrowing wife and children! Alas! for America!

Our dear President is gone from our land and its work forever! But not from our hearts! Oh, no! Never, never can that be! Since the days of Washington, no man has ever been so universally mourned.

God help us! He is gone, gone forever!

BELLA Z. SPENCER.

PLAYING BY FIRELIGHT.

Musing, musing, over the keys,
How my fingers tremble;
Like the birds in the swaying trees,
Winged thoughts assemble.

Oh! the tune that I used to know,
When my love sat singing,
How the melody, sweet and low,
Round my heart is clinging.

Does he sing in the mermaid's cave,
Where their green withes bind him,
Underneath the glistening wave?
Oh! if songs could find him;

I would sit by the shore and sing,
All the echoes waking,
Till he should come, my lord, my king,
To save my heart from breaking.

SADIE.

LEE'S ARMY.—An army correspondent of the New York Daily Times furnishes the following account of Lee's army in the late campaign:

I had an estimate made by one of Gen. Hill's (or Longstreet's) staff, and, as it is no doubt a very fair one, I append it:—Ewell's corps, 7,000; Longstreet's command, 6,000; Hill's corps, 12,000; Anderson's corps, 9,000; Gordon's corps, 7,000; artillery, 5,500; cavalry (two divisions), 5,500; locals (Custis Lee's command) 4,000. Total, 56,000. In addition to these can be added:—Teamsters and train men, 3,000; detailed men, 3,000; other non-combatants, 5,000; or, in other words, the total strength of Lee's army was 67,000 men. Of these we have captured nearly 40,000 men during the campaign in actual combat, and on Sunday the army surrendered by Lee was 22,000. As a matter of course, the casualties must be larger than 5,000. However, this is not much out of the way. Without going into any statement of our forces, I may venture to say that the number of our troops actually engaged in the pursuit of Lee was not over 76,000 men. Of course our reserves would swell this figure considerably, but no occasion arose for their employment, except to hold the evacuated cities of Richmond and Petersburg.

AN ENGLISH CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The receipt came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness, that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite.

The receipt, which he afterward published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows:—Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY.—The following paragraph is from a special dispatch from Washington to the World: "The clerks at the National Hotel are positive as to two roughly-dressed men calling twice for Booth on Friday. One of these men is believed to be Surratt, of Maryland, and the other a Spaniard, of this city, named Zellstine. Both of these men were here that day, and now neither can be found. It is thought here that the assassination was planned for two weeks ago, and that the murder of Provost Marshal Watkins, in Prince George county, and the seizure of the steamer Harriet Deford, were parts of the scheme that were then carried out, while the rest of it failed. About that time the clerks of the National Hotel note that Booth was in the habit of receiving a dozen or two letters daily. Had they not been post-marked at insignificant towns in lower Maryland, the fact would never have excited suspicion.

A NEW JOINT STOCK COMPANY.—In a town in the south of England, some youths have formed themselves into a joint stock company for breeding and selling pigeons. A pair of these birds breed eight or ten times in the course of the year, and have two at a brood. Their keep costs about 1d. a week each; they will fetch 9d. each for the table when a month old, and there is always a demand for them. Fancy pigeons fetch a much higher price. The stock consists of about twenty pairs (pigeons are monogamous), which produces nearly 400 birds a-year. Not long since the company declared a dividend of ten per cent. The tumbler pigeons, which roll over and over in the air, are wittily called the company's rolling stock.

☞ FANCY DRESS.—At a recent Parisian *bal costume* a lady appeared in the costume of a heathen goddess, and, to render the dress more classically correct and striking, the fair and bashful dame appeared in Nature's stockings, from the bottom of the tunic downwards. Sandals she wore, and no more. It was considered quite a success!

THE FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The following account of the lying in state at the White House, by a correspondent of the N. Y. World, is, as a whole, one of the best we have seen:

APPEARANCE OF THE CORPSE.

Death has fastened upon his frozen face all the character and idiosyncrasy of life. It has not changed one line of his grave, grotesque countenance, nor smoothed out a single feature. The hue is rather bloodless and leaden, but he was always sallow. The dark eyebrows seem abruptly arched; the beard, which will grow no more, is shaved close, save the tuft at the short, small chin. The mouth is shut, like that of one who had put the foot down firm, and so are the eyes, which look as calm as slumber. The collar is short and awkward, turned over the stiff elastic cravat, and whatever energy, or humor, or tender gravity, marked the living face, is hardened into its pulseless outline. No corpse in the world is better prepared according to appearances. The white satin around it reflects sufficient light upon the face to show us that death is really there; but there are sweet roses and early magnolias, and the balmiest of lilies, strewn around, as if the flowers had begun to bloom even upon his coffin. We look on uninterruptedly, for there is no pressure, and henceforward the place will be thronged with gazers who will take from the sight its suggestiveness and respect. Three years ago, when little Willie Lincoln died, Drs. Brown and Alexander, the embalmers or injectors, prepared his body so handsomely that the President had it twice disinterred to look upon it. The same men, in the same way, have made perpetual these beloved lineaments. There is now no blood in the body; it was drained by the jugular vein and sacredly preserved, and through a cutting on the inside of the thigh the empty blood-vessels were charged with a chemical preparation which soon hardened to the consistency of stone. The long and bony body is now hard and stiff, so that beyond its present position it cannot be moved any more than the arms or legs of a statue. It has undergone many changes. The scalp has been removed, the brain scooped out, the chest opened, and veins emptied. All this we see of Abraham Lincoln, so cunningly contemplated in this splendid coffin, is a mere shell, an effigy, a sculpture. He lies in sleep, but it is the sleep of marble. All that made this flesh vital, sentient, and affectionate, is gone forever.

THE WATCHERS.

The officers present are Generals Hunter and Dyer, and two staff captains. Hunter, compact and dark and reticent, walks about the empty chamber in full uniform, his bright buttons and sash and sword contrasting with his dark blue uniform, gauntlets upon his hands, crape on his arm and blade, his corded hat in his hand, a paper collar just apparent above his velvet tips, and now and then he speaks to Captain Nesmith or Captain Dewes, of General Harding's staff, rather as one who wishes company than one who has anything to say. His two silver stars upon his shoulder shine dimly in the draped apartment. He was one of the first in the war to urge the measures which Mr. Lincoln afterward adopted. The aids walk to and fro, selected without reference to any association with the late President. Their clothes are rich; their swords wear mourning. They go in silence; everything is funereal. In the dimly-draped mirrors strange mirages are seen, as in the coffin scene of "Lucretia Borgia," where all the dusky perspectives bear vistas of gloomy palls. The upholsterers make timid noises of driving nails and spreading tapestry; but, save, ourselves and these few watchers and workers, only the dead is here.

FORMING THE LINE.

As we sit brooding, with the pall straight before us, the funeral guns are heard indistinctly booming from the far forts, with the tap of drums in the serried street without, where troops and citizens are forming for the grand procession. We see through the window in the beautiful spring day that the grass is brightly green, and all the trees in blossom show us through their archways the bronze and marble statues breaking the horizon. But there is one at an upper window, seeing all this through her tears, to whom the beautiful noon, with its wealth of zephyrs and sweets, can waft no gratulation. The father of her children, the confidant of her affection and ambition, has passed from life into immortality, and lies below, dumb, cold, murdered. The feeling of sympathy for Mrs. Lincoln is as wide-spread as the regret for the Chief Magistrate. Whatever indiscretions she may have committed in the abrupt transition from plainness to power are now forgiven and forgotten. She and her sons are the property of the nation, associated with its truest glories and its worst bereavement.

THE MOURNERS.

By and by the guests drop in, hat in hand, wearing upon their sleeves waving crape, and some of them slip up to the coffin to carry away a last impression of the fading face. But the first accession of force is that of the clergy, sixty in number. They are devout-looking men, darkly attired, and have come from all the neighboring cities to represent every denomination. Five years ago these were wrangling over slavery as a theological question, and at the beginning of the war it was hard, in many of their bodies, to carry loyal resolutions. To-day there are here such sincere mourners as Robert Pattison, of the Methodist church, who passed much of his life among slaves and masters. He and the rest have come to believe that the President was wise and right, and follow him to his grave, as the Apostles the interred on Calvary. All these retire to the south end of the room, facing the feet of the corpse, and stand there silently to wait for the coming of others. Very soon this East Room is filled with the representative intelligence of the entire nation. The Governors of States stand on the dais next to the head of the coffin, with the varied features of Curtin, Brough, Fenton, Stone, Oglesby, and Ingraham. Behind them are the Mayors and Councilmen of many towns, paying their last respects to the representative of the source of all municipal freedom. To their left are the corporate officers of Washington, zealous to make this day's funeral honors atone for the shame of the assassination. With these are sprinkled many scarred and worthy soldiers who have borne the burden of the grand war, and stand before this shape they loved in quiet civil reverence.

SEEN USED TO THE PRESENCE OF DEATH.

Still further down the steps and closer to the catafalque rest the familiar faces of many of our greatest generals—the manly features of Augur, whose blood I have seen trickling forth upon the field of battle; the open, almost beardless contour of Halleck, who has often talked of sieges and campaigns with this homely gentleman who is going to the grave. There are many more bright stars twinkling in contiguous shoulder bars, but sitting in a chair upon the bellowered carpet is Ulysses Grant, who has lived a century in the last three weeks, and comes to-day to add the lustre of his iron face to this thrilling and saddened picture. He wears white gloves and sash, and is swarthy, nervous, and almost tearful, his feet crossed, his square receding head turning now here, now there, his treble constellation blazing upon the left shoulder only, but hidden on the right, and I seem to read upon his compact features the indurate and obstinate will to fight, on the line he has selected, the honor of the country through any peril, as if he had sworn it by the slain man's bier—his state fellow, patron, and friend. Here also is General McCallum, who has seamed the rebellious South with military roads to send victory along them, and bring back the groaning and the scarred. These and the rest are grand historic figures. They have looked so often into the mortar's mouth that no bravo's blade can make them wince. Do you see the thin-haired, conical head of the viking Farragut, close by General Grant, with many naval heroes close behind, storm-beaten, and every inch Americans in thought and physiognomy?

THE FOREIGN BODIES.

What think the foreign ambassadors of such men, in the light of their own overloaded bodies, where meaningless orders, crosses, and ribbons shine dimly in the funeral light? These legations number, perhaps, a hundred men, of all civilized races, the Sardinian envoy, jetty-eyed, towering above the rest. But they are still and respectful, gathered thus by a slain ruler, to see how worthy is the Republic he has preserved. Whatever sympathy these have for our institutions, I think that in such audience they must have been impressed with the futility of any thought that either one citizen right or one territorial inch can ever be torn from the United States. Not to speak disparagingly of these double guests, I was struck with the superior facial energy of our own public servants, who were generally larger, and brighter-faced, born of that aristocracy which took its patent from Tubal Cain and Abel the goatherd, and graduated in Abraham Lincoln. The Haytien minister, swarthy and fiery-faced, is conspicuous among these.

THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET.

But nearer down, and just opposite the catafalque so that it is perpendicular to the direction of vision, stand the central powers of our Government, its President and counsellors. President Johnson is facing the middle of the coffin upon the lowest step; his hands are crossed upon his breast, his dark clothing just revealing his plaited shirt, and upon his full, shaven face, broad and severely compact, two telling gray eyes rest under a thoughtful brow, whose turning hair is straight and smooth. Beside him are Vice President Hamlin, whom he succeeded, and Ex Governor King, his most intimate friend. The Cabinet are behind, as if arranged for a daguerreotypist. Stanton, short and quicksilvery, in long goatee and glasses, in stunted contrast to the tall and snow-tipped shape of Mr. Welles. With the rest, practical and attentive, and at their side is Chief Justice Chase, high, dignified, and handsome, with folded arms, listening, but undemonstrative, a half foot higher than any spectator, and dividing with Charles Sumner, who is near by, the preference for manly beauty in age. With Mr. Chase are other justices of the Supreme Court, and to their left, near the feet of the corpse, are the reverend Senators, representing the oldest and the newest states—splendid faces, a little worn with early and later toils, backed up by the high, classical features of Colonel Forney, their secretary. Beyond are the representatives and leading officials of the various departments, with a few odd folks like George Francis Train, exquisite as ever, and, for this time only, with nothing to say.

HOME FRIENDS AROUND THE BIER.

Close by the corpse sit the relatives of the deceased, plain, honest, hardy people, typical as much of simplicity of our institutions as of Mr. Lincoln's self-made eminence. No blood relatives of Mr. Lincoln were to be found. It is a singular evidence of the poverty of his origin, and therefore of his exceeding good report, that, excepting his immediate family, none answering to his name could be discovered. Mrs. Lincoln's relatives were present, however, in some force. Dr. Lyman Beecher Todd, General John B. S Todd, C. M. Smith, Esq., and Mr. N. W. Edwards, the late President's brother-in-law. Plain, self-made people were here and were sincerely affected. Captain Robert Lincoln sat during the services with his face in his handkerchief weeping quietly, and little Tad, his face red and heated, cried as if his heart would break. Mrs. Lincoln, weak, worn, and nervous, did not enter the East Room, nor follow the remains. She was the Chief Magistrate's lady yesterday; to-day a widow bearing only an immortal name. Among the neighbors of the late President, who came from afar to pay respect to his remains, was one gentleman who left Richmond on Sunday. I had been upon the boat with him and heard him in hot wrangle with some officers who advised the summary execution of all rebel leaders. This the old man opposed, when the feeling against him became so intense that he was compelled to retire. He counselled mercy, good faith, and forgiveness. To-day, the men who had called him a traitor, saw him among the family mourners, bent with grief. All these are waiting in solemn lines, standing erect, with a space of several feet between them and the coffin, and there is no bustle nor unseemly curiosity, not a whisper, not a footfall—only the collected nation looking with awed hearts upon eminent death.

Interesting Reminiscences of His Life.

Four years ago President Lincoln, when present at the raising of the national flag at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, uttered these words:

"I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was something in the Declaration of Independence, giving liberty, not only to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that *all* should have an equal chance. * * * Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, *I was about to say I would rather be assassinated upon this spot rather than to surrender it.*"

President Lincoln's Favorite Poem.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the well-known painter of "The Emancipation Proclamation Before the Cabinet," has written a note in reference to a poem much admired by Mr. Lincoln. He says:

"I have been urged by several friends to send you the enclosed poem, written down by myself, from Mr. Lincoln's lips; and although it may not be new to all of your readers, the events of the last week give it now a peculiar interest.

"The circumstances under which this copy was written are these:—I was with the President alone one evening, in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the White House, last year. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakespeare. He sent little "Tad," his son, to the library, to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and leaning back in his chair said:

"'There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man, by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper, and learned by heart. I would,' he continued, 'give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain.'

"Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated to me the lines which I enclose to you. Greatly pleased and interested, I told him I would like, if ever an opportunity occurred, to write them down from his lips. He said he would some time try to give them to me. A few days afterward he asked me to accompany him to the temporary studio of Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, who was making a bust of him at the Treasury Department. While he was sitting for the bust, I was suddenly reminded of the poem, and said to him that then would be a good time to dictate it to me. He complied, and sitting on some books at his feet, as nearly as I can remember, I wrote the lines down, one by one, from his lips.

"With great regard, very truly yours,
"F. B. CARPENTER."

Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died; aye! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death.
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

[This poem was written by a Scotch poet, a favorite of Walter Scott's. He died young, of consumption.]

Farewell Speech to His Springfield Friends on Setting Out for Washington.

My Friends—No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon whom he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

LATEST NEWS.

General Sherman sent to the War Department on Friday an agreement entered into with General Joe Johnston for the suspension of hostilities, and a memorandum of what is called a basis of peace which had been entered into on the 11th inst. A cabinet meeting was held on Friday evening, at which the action of General Sherman was disapproved by the Secretary of War, by General Grant, and by every member of the Cabinet. General Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities, and he was directed that the instructions issued to General Grant on the 3rd of March by President Lincoln were approved by President Johnson, and were reiterated to govern the action of military commanders.

General Sherman issued a special field order on the 19th inst., from Raleigh, N. C., announcing a suspension of hostilities, and defining the lines of the two armies.

Lieutenant General Grant reached Fortress Monroe on the 21st instant, and sailed in the Alhambra to take command in North Carolina.

Gen. Canby reports that he found in Mobile and its defences on the west side of the bay over 150 guns, a large amount of ammunition and supplies, about 1,000 prisoners, and it is estimated 30,000 bales of cotton.

Gen. Hancock reports that nearly all of Moseby's command, including officers, have surrendered. Moseby is still at large, and is being hunted by some of his men for a reward of $2,000.

Secretary Seward is rapidly improving. Fred. Seward has undergone another removal of fragments of bone.

Jeff. Davis is reported to have arrived at Augusta.

MR. JOHNSON'S FAMILY.—Mr. Johnson's family resides at present in Nashville, Tenn., and consists of his wife and four children, two sons and two daughters. His son Robert is twenty-nine, and Andrew Johnson, Jr., is twelve years of age. His two daughters, with their families, also reside in Nashville, having been driven from their homes in Eastern Tennessee. One of Mr. Johnson's sons, Charles, a surgeon in the army, was thrown from his horse in the year 1863 and killed, and Colonel Stover, a son-in-law, commanding the Fourth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry, was killed in the battle of Nashville, while gallantly leading his command, on the 18th of December, 1864. Judge Patterson, who is also a son-in-law of the President, lives in Nashville. Mrs. Johnson has been in very delicate health for some time past, and it is probable Mrs. Colonel Stover will preside over the Presidential household.

THE LATE PRESIDENT AND HIS ASSASSIN.—The personal relations existing before the murder between Booth and the President, augment the horror of the occurrence. Mr. Lincoln saw Booth play more than once, and particularly admired him. He once applauded him rapturously, and with all that genial heartiness for which he was distinguished. Booth, when told of the President's delight, said to his informant that he would rather have the applause of a negro. The President had never spoken with Booth, but wished to make his acquaintance, and said so. Booth evaded the interview, yet he knew Mr. Lincoln thoroughly well so far as his whereabouts and appearance were concerned, but never appreciated the President's good nature and personal benevolence.—*N. Y. World.*

ELECTRIC BELLS.—These are used in large Parisian hotels. Some of them are so constructed, that after the button is touched they continue sounding until stopped by the servant, by which means it is known when the bell is answered; for though it may be situated at such a distance from the apartment that the sound is not audible there, a small needle, or index hand, is attached to the button, and continues moving as long as the bell sounds. The construction of this bell is simple enough, being merely a copper wire connected with a battery fixed in the kitchen or other convenient place. These bells are very suitable for hotels, palaces, or large mansions.

☞ WASHINGTON, April 21.—A guard has been placed around the house of Senator Sumner, evidence having been adduced to show that he was one of the parties intended to be assassinated.

☞ The disposition of the country seems to be to support President Johnson, without distinction of party. The horrible murder of the late President appears to have obliterated party lines, for the time, at all events.

☞ Ample guards are kept constantly on duty at the residences of the members of the Cabinet and of those of some of our other most prominent statesmen in Washington. This is as it should be, at least until, so far as is possible, the extent of the conspiracy against the life of the President and members of the Cabinet can be ascertained and the participants arrested.

☞ A physician has left California to study the Asiatic leprosy in China, where it originates. The disease is virulent at the Sandwich Islands.

☞ Major General Halleck, late Chief of Staff of the President, takes command at Richmond, vice General Ord.

☞ In a prison, in Paris, the vagrants and young thieves are organized on a military plan, the well-behaved being raised to the rank of corporals and sergeants. They are also taught a trade; and recently, the study of music has been introduced, with the most beneficial effect, the master of the prison affirming that, since a musical performance by these boys at Christmas last, he had not been required to inflict a single punishment.

☞ A Methodist clergyman of Des Moines recently gave utterance to the following petition on the Sabbath:—"O, Lord, may intemperance cease in our land! Especially may it cease among our officers and rulers; but, O Lord, if they are determined to get drunk in spite of all Thy warnings to the contrary, we beseech Thee not to permit them all to get drunk at one time!"

TO ONE BELOVED.

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

I am musing, dearest, musing
On the time when first we met,
Down beside the sparkling waters
Ere the gorgeous sun had set.
Unto thee old Time had given
Manhood's beauty, manhood's grace,
But to me the sole possession,
Of a childish heart and face.

Then you looked upon me, darling,
As you'd look upon a flower,
Growing up in simple freshness
In a lonely woodland bower.
But I looked upon thee, dearest,
As the little creeping vine
Looks up to the lofty elm,
Where its tendrils may entwine.

Oh, my husband, may these tendrils
Ever round thee strongly twine,
And thine own pure, deep affections,
Like bright sunbeams o'er me shine.
And when Life's fair paths are trodden,
And our hearts from Earth are riven,
Would that we might pass together,
To a happy home in Heaven.

OTTOKA;
OR, TWICE RESCUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.

"So you are soon to leave us again; returning, I presume, to your last love?"

It was towards midnight, and at a gay, festive party assembled in the spacious parlors of one of Schenectady's wealthiest citizens, that the above query was made. The speaker was Miss Eunice Van Arsden—a very beautiful and accomplished young lady of twenty-one years, said to be worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and having a fair prospect of inheriting a fortune double that amount from her uncle, Gen. Simon Van Arsden, who was childless, and had adopted her as his daughter.

"Yes, Miss Van Arsden, I shall set my face westward again to-morrow."

"To take to the forest again, sir?"

"Yes—since the government has turned me over to the surveyor-general's department, and he affords me no surveying to do—why, you see, Miss Van Arsden, it devolves entirely upon myself to find some means of preventing the time from dragging, and myself becoming quite a drone."

"And so you take to the woods and become a savage entirely."

"Does it follow as a natural sequence that forest life makes a barbarian of one?"

"Not always, Captain Clinton. There are exceptions to all general rules, you know. Now there is one of our western savages, born, nurtured, and living untutored in the woods, who is, by instinct, one of Nature's noblemen."

"And I have another model from the same source, Miss Van Arsden. A truer friend, a more magnanimous enemy, a kinder heart, or nobler nature, is not to be found on this earth."

"Indeed! the summed up virtues of your model savage correspond with those of my own. To what particular western tribe does your paragon belong?"

"To the Ottowaye of the Miami, Miss Van Arsden."

"That is singular. Mine is of the same nation. What is the name of your hero?"

"*Ottoka.*"

"The brave Ottoway chief! Why, Captain Clinton, we have lost one forest gentleman by your naming the good Ottoka as your friend. He is also mine. So the second Indian paragon becomes a myth."

"Not quite, my dear Miss Van Arsden. I know other savages, who, though not quite Ottokas, are still well worth admiration and respect."

"No doubt, sir, there are many other noble Indians. But there is no other Ottoka in this world—at least no one that I shall ever esteem as such. Twice has that brave, noble Indian laid me under obligations I can never repay. The first of his friendly offices was in favor of my father alone. In the second act of heroic daring both my father and myself were alike his debtors for our lives. We were returning from Fort Wayne towards Lake Erie, passing down the Maumee in a batteau, when, by the mismanagement of our boatmen, the frail craft was overturned in the middle of the river half a mile above the Miami rapids, and clinging to the floating boat we were fast drifting down into the whirling vortex of the mad rapids, where death would have been inevitable.

"The noble Ottoka, whose village was on the bank of the river nearly opposite where the accident occurred, leaped into his light canoe of birchen fabric, and with vigorous strokes sent it flying like a swift-winged bird to our rescue. Overtaking us, when within fearful proximity to the head of the rapids, with stalwart arm he drew us one by one into the canoe, and then, as the current was too strong for him to stem it, by a dexterous movement he whirled the bow of his canoe down stream, driving it flying with almost an arrow's velocity down in among the black, jagged rocks and broken, seething water of the rapids, guiding with consummate skill his flitting craft through a thousand perils that seemed to us unavoidable destruction until the fearful rapids were passed, and the noble Indian landed us in safety five miles below the scene of our disaster.

"Nothing would the brave Ottoka receive in compensation for the great service he had rendered us, and he almost grew angry when my father pressed his acceptance of a hundred dollars. Towards myself he was more compliant, and after much persuasion I prevailed on him to accept from me my watch and a diamond ring, both of which, he assured me in his halting English, he should wear upon his person while he lived."

"Thus far the Ottoway chief has kept his word, Miss Van Arsden, for on the last night I passed with him—now some two months since, I saw the watch, with the ring, attached to the chain, just as I had seen it a hundred times before. Very frequently in our familiar conversations beside our campfire—for many a day have Ottoka and I tramped the forest together, and many a night slept side by side at the same campfire—has the brave chieftain related to me the incidents of that scene at the Miami rapids, and always the dusky warrior loves to linger in his praises of his beautiful Wampekanatti—*White Fawn*, as he has named Miss Eunice Van Arsden. I have long been familiar with all the particulars of that thrilling incident."

"Indeed, Captain Clinton! And why, pray, have you not mentioned the circumstances to me?"

"Do you happen to remember, Miss Van Arsden, that our acquaintanceship is but three days old?"

"Ah—I beg your pardon, sir. But in your return to the West, captain; will you probably see our mutual friend Ottoka?"

"It is at his especial invitation that I return to the West, Miss Van Arsden. We are to have one of our old time hunts together—Ottoka and I; and this time, we go out on a new range—through the valley of the upper Wabash, and along the Tippecanoe and its tributaries."

"And how long will you continue the hunt, captain?"

"Oh, that will depend entirely upon Ottoka. As for myself—having nothing else to do, it would suit me to continue the chase indefinitely. As it is, we shall probably protract our hunt until the middle of August."

"And this is early May. It is possible enough," mused Miss Van Arsden, in an undertone. And then she suddenly inquired—

"Captain, what will be your Post-office address, while in the Wabash Valley?"

"Indeed, that is a question I am unable to answer you. I know nothing of the country, or any of its settlements."

"Well; upon your arrival, will you favor me with your address?"

"Most certainly, with great pleasure, if you wish it."

"I do, sir. And now, Captain Clinton, will you do me a very great favor?"

"Undoubtedly, Miss Van Arsden; a great many of them, if you will but tell me how."

"Thank you—but I will ask only one at present. That one is, that you will become the bearer of a letter to Ottoka, and also of my picture, and some trifling remembrances, which I have for a good while been waiting an opportunity to transmit to my red friend. I am so glad of such a chance—to send by the hand of a mutual friend."

"The commission shall be faithfully executed. I will call for the articles to-morrow before noon. Good-night, Miss Van Arsden. And the interview was terminated."

In those days, distance had not succumbed to iron horses so generally as it has to-day, and it was the middle of June when the chief of the Ottoways and myself, had established our hunting headquarters on the Tippecanoe, some fifteen miles from its junction with the Wabash, and in the neighborhood of Harrison's famous battle ground.

Then began our hunting life. Six weeks glided by, and what with the excitement of the chase, our fishing excursions, the social evenings beside our camp-fire, the sound, refreshing slumber, and all the ideal of a free, roving, forest-life, with the noblest of all Nature's red men for a companion, I had never passed six weeks of life so delightfully.

Often we conversed of the *White Fawn*, and Ottoka had fixed her picture to his watch-chain, and always wore it next his heart.

I had written to Miss Van Arsden, both for myself and Ottoka, soon after having established our home in the wilderness; but the letter had been two weeks in reaching her, and her reply, which was written on the day that ours were received, did not come to us until about the first of August. In her letter, Miss Van Arsden announced her intention to set out within twenty-four hours, on a journey to visit some relatives in the West; but as there were no specifications, it was just nothing at all that we knew of her destination, or when she proposed to return home.

I think it was a week after the reception of Miss Van Arsden's letter, that we were out on a hunt one day, about six miles from our camp, when an incident occurred, the remembrance of which, even at this distance of time, begets a nervous excitement, and makes my hand unsteady as I write of it.

The country was wild, rugged and broken, though by no means hilly, densely wooded, with settlements distant from each other; and all kinds of game peculiar to that region were abundant.

At about noon, we had taken a position on the summit of a sharp ridge, the right hand side of which as we faced up stream, formed the left bank of the Tippecanoe, and was an abrupt, rocky ledge, some twenty feet perpendicular; the stream at this point, being about a hundred and twenty yards wide, deep, and having a sluggish current, full of whirlpools and eddies. The opposite shore was a low shelly rock, with a little narrow strip of sand beach between its base and the water. All along that side, the trees grew close out to the ledge, which was no more than six or seven feet high.

The bank we were on had a flat, level crown, perhaps fifteen feet in width, along the centre of it a distinctly beaten pathway, trodden mostly by wild animals, and the bank to our left, going down in an abrupt slope to a branch of the Tippecanoe, which at this point ran nearly parallel with the stream, and emptied into it a mile or so below us.

"Hist!" said Ottoka, a little while after we had gained the path along the bank. "*Hist, Macousta.*" The Ottoway never addressed me by any other name. "Dogs speak to deer—*go down!* Come out in ambush, Macousta, much deer come down trail. Shoot many—six two. Come."

Directly we had laid ourselves out at full length upon the ground, under a little thicket of rhodondendron, in a position that commanded a view of the paths for a hundred yards or so.

The baying of hounds was distinctly but faint and far off; and I was advised by Ottoka's proceedings that we might not look for deer for some minutes at least.

First, he drew forth the beautiful watch—the gift of Miss Van Arsden—noted the time, and taking the golden locket, containing the miniature, in his hand, he gazed upon the beautiful features intensely, and for the first time in my life I saw tears in an Indian's eyes. Then the red warrior spoke in a low, earnest tone, as if addressing the picture:

"White Fawn much beautiful. Ottoka's pale face daughter. All good. Manitou no need make White Fawn angel. Much good angel now—— Wah!" exclaimed Ottoka, leaping like lightning to his feet, giving a tone and emphasis to that significant word, such as no one else under heaven but a real Indian can impart to it.

"Up! up—Macousta. Horse much scare. Come, run fast. White squaw ride. Pretty soon come here."

There was a rapid clattering of hoofs approaching—a glancing vision through the foliage of a horse driving furiously on, and a woman in the saddle striving vainly to master the terrified animal. At the distance of twenty-five yards, the frantic horse suddenly discovering the Indian and myself in his path, came to a dead halt for a moment, and then set off into such mad leaps and plunges and demivolts that it seemed each moment as if the rider must be hurled headlong from the saddle.

That moment that the animal remained stationary made known to us the rider—

"Eunice Van Arsden!" I almost yelled.

"*White Fawn!*" cried the red warrior, and both instantly rushed forward to the rescue.

I was younger and fleeter of foot than Ottoka and left him behind. My hand grasped the curb rein of the frantic brute on the very verge of the ledge. In an instant he made a mad plunge, and we went down—man and horse, and helpless rider—into the black eddying current of the sullen Tippecanoe.

Fortunately neither the lady nor myself were seriously injured, and having freed her from the saddle, my next consideration was her safety. As there was no getting up that rocky wall over which we had fallen, I turned both my attention and our course towards the opposite shore.

The horse I had in much better command in the water, and supporting Miss Van Arsden on one arm, I clung to the animal's mane with the hand at liberty, and managed to direct his course so as to head him diagonally down the stream towards the bank I wished to reach.

The brute went on very kindly, until we were within a few yards of the shore, when he took a sudden freak, turned, and, in spite of all I could do, struck out into the stream again.

Knowing my ability to reach the bank independent of the horse, I let him go, and struck out with my charge, who bore up bravely, and encouraged me by the assurance that she was not in the least frightened.

The direction taken in crossing, and the current together, had taken us down stream, so that when I gained the bank we were a quarter of a mile below the point where we had plunged into the water. The belt of sand-beach was a little wider than it was above us, and the shelly ledge, though something higher, had at this point an inclination towards the water, and was clearer from trees.

As I drew Miss Van Arsden out on to the sand, I was startled by a sharp *purr*, exactly like that of a cat, only many times louder; and my experience in wood craft told me in an instant, even before my eyes were raised to the bank, the origin of that startling significant *purr*.

Miss Van Arsden looked up at the moment, and together we looked upon a scene that struck us dumb, and paralysed our limbs.

A few feet back from the verge of the low ledge, lay stretched at full length a female panther, her two kittens grown to the size of the largest domestic cat, nursing by times, and then sportively cuffing at each other, and fondling their sleeping dam, in precisely the same manner that kittens of the ordinary cat are wont to do.

Between this group and the edge of the bank the male panther, a monstrous fellow, was crouching, exactly as the cat does when preparing to spring upon its victim. The animal's tail swung slowly to and fro, the paws were treading the ground impatiently, and the eyes seemed to emit flashes of living fire. I knew that the leap would be sudden, and fatal to one or both of us if we remained standing there, and the thought came like a flash, that our only chance of life was plunging instantly into the water again.

Of course there was no time to explain to my companion, and so acting upon impulse, I caught her up in my arms. My sudden, and I suppose somewhat violent action, terrified the already greatly excited girl, and she uttered a piercing scream, the first cry that had passed her lips. That cry precipitated the catastrophe.

The female panther sprang like lightning to her feet, glaring about her, and purring furiously. The male animal sprang from the ledge, sweeping over in a slight curve, directly towards us. In mid-leap he spasmodically flung out his fore-paws, uttered a sharp, quick cry, turned an entire summersault in the air, and came down square on his head, on the sand at our very feet, struggling in his death agony, the blood oozing from an orifice in the skull directly between the eyes.

"Ottoka!" I shouted, as the sharp report of a rifle reached our ears; and I knew it was the unerring eye of the Ottaway chief that had rescued us from death. But not a moment was there for exultation or thanksgiving, for the female panther was already crouching for the fatal leap.

The crack of another rifle fell upon our ears, and, excited as I was, I recognized the ring of my own faithful "Lansingburg." The panther struggled violently for a few moments, plunged headlong down the ledge, floundered there in the sand a brief space, and then stretched herself out beside her mate, dead.

In a little time, when emotion had so far subsided as to permit speech, I said to my companion:

"Another item added to the account we owe the brave Ottoka. We are rescued by his rifle, Miss Van Arsden, and—"

"Call me *Eunice*, Claude," the beautiful girl said, interrupting me, and speaking in a grave, serious tone. "I am indebted to you also, Claude, more than I can ever repay; and as for the brave chief yonder, he has made me bankrupt in my gratitude."

As the danger passed, my curiosity became imperative, and I inquired:

"How is it, *Eunice*, that I meet you here in this wild forest world alone, and under such circumstances?"

"I'll tell you frankly, Claude," replied the blushing girl. "I had an irrepressible longing to meet Ottoka, and—and—"

"Eunice—call you that frankness! Had the white hunter no place in the memory of the beautiful *Wampekanatti!*"

"You are over-inquisitive, Captain. To be entirely frank, then, I *did* often think of Claude Clinton—as the companion of my red father, of course."

"Quite satisfactory, Miss White Fawn. Now proceed with your explanation."

"Yes—but there is little to explain. I have an uncle and several friends, settled in this wild region, one of them residing within some four miles of here. I have been nearly three weeks visiting in the neighborhood, and for more than a week have every day ridden the animal which behaved so naughtily a little while ago, along that bridle path on the ledge, hoping some day to encounter Ottoka, and—"

"His companion?"

"You are an egotist, Claude."

"What wonder with such prompting?"

Unobserved Ottoka had swam the stream, and stood there before us. The noble Ottoway did that which I had never seen an Indian do. He took both of Miss Van Arsden's hands in his own, and bending down his head kissed her lips as if he had been a fond white father, and the lovely girl his darling child. This salutation performed, the noble Indian spoke—

"*Manitou* is very good. He will not permit the prowling panther to touch the beautiful *Wampekanatti*. The White Fawn shall smile upon her grandchildren. The Great Spirit has willed it. *Macousta* is a *brave*. The pale face son of Ottoka is a cunning hunter. Ottoka is a war chief. He is an Ottoway. His heart is red like his skin. Ottoka holds the White Fawn and Macousta in his heart. They are his children. Will the *Wampekanatti* take the hand of the young hunter?"

The beautiful girl bowed her head, blushed, and obeyed her red father.

FORESHADOWINGS.

Upon the cold bare hills the night comes down,
The purple shades of sunset change to brown,
And damp fogs hide the steeples of the town.

There is a vague and secret something nigh,
In depths of air, or ocean, or of sky;
I feel its presence, and repress a cry.

A terrible and nameless sense of dread
Attends my steps where'er I chance to tread,
As if I touched the hand of some one dead.

I dare not look behind me, lest I see
Some grim shape from the land of mystery,
Some direful warning of the dim To Be.

Last night I dreamed of stately white-winged ships,
Of the great ocean, with its foamy lips,
Of open eyes, blinded by Death's eclipse.

Dreams are but vagaries of a troubled brain,
I'll give no thought unto their joy or pain,
And yet I would be were safe off the main!

It is the hour in which we used to go
To watch the sunset glory flame and glow,
And hear the horse cry of the undertow.

But that is over. Shall we never more
Wander at even on the waved-washed shore,
And wonder what the future holds in store?—

Wander, as lovers, on with close-clasped hands,
And feet that shrink not at the gliding sands,
But press on, eager for the unknown lands.

The Unknown Lands! what if already he
Is walking them apart from love and me?
Oh, could I fathom this vague mystery!

I lack of something; half my life seems fled;
I ask the question of myself with dread—
Oh, is he with the living or the dead?

Personal Habits of Dr. Beecher.

[EXTRACT FROM HIS LIFE LATELY PUBLISHED.]

It must not be inferred that his air and manner was continually solemn. On the contrary, that hilarious cheerfulness which was characteristic of him was never more manifest; and it seemed perfectly wonderful, with his public labors, with what unfailing spring and vivacity, and with what a flow of ready sympathy he would converse with every one who came near him at any hour of day or night.

He kept a load of sand in his cellar, to which he would run at odd intervals and shovel vigorously, throwing it from one side of the cellar to the other, on his favorite theory of working off nervous excitement through the muscles, and his wood-pile and wood-saw were inestimable means to the same end. He had also, in the back yard, parallel bars, a single bar, ladder, and other simple gymnastic apparatus, where he would sometimes astonish his ministerial visitors by climbing ropes hand over hand, whirling over on the single bar, lifting weights, and performing other athletic feats, in which he took for the time as much apparent delight and pride as in any of his intellectual exertions.

His care of what he called regimen, diet, sleep, exercise, etc., went on with all his other cares without seeming to interrupt them. He seemed to navigate his body, as an acute mariner would work his ship through a difficult channel, with his eye intent on every spar and rope, each sail kept trimmed with the nicest adjustment. The harsh climate of Boston, with its east winds, had long been famous for making all its literary workers dyspeptics; yet it was in this climate that his work lay; here he must conquer, notwithstanding he brought with him his life's disease. So careful was he of atmospheric influences upon the sensitive surface of the body, that he would often undress and dress again completely three or four times a day, to meet various changes of the mutable Boston weather.

He had a different relay of garments for every turn of the weather-cock, till it stood at that harsh, dire east, which necessitated both flannels and a leathern jacket to keep out the chill and keep in the vital warmth.

The time that he spent in actual preparation for public effort was generally not long. If he was to preach in the evening he was to be seen all day talking with whoever would talk, accessible to all, full of everybody's affairs, business, and burdens, till an hour or two before the time, when he would rush up into his study (which he always preferred should be the topmost room of the house,) and, throwing off his coat, after a swing or two with the dumb-bells to settle the balance of his muscles, he would sit down and dash ahead, making quantities of hieroglyphic notes on small, stubbed bits of paper, about as big as the palm of his hand. The bells would begin to ring, and still he would write. They would toll loud and long, and his wife would say "he will certainly be late," and then would be running up and down stairs of messengers to see that he was finished, till just as the last stroke of the bell was dying away, he would emerge from the study with his coat very much awry, come down the stairs like a hurricane, stand impatiently protesting while female hands that ever lay in wait adjusted his cravat and settled his coat collar, calling loudly the while for a pin to fasten together the stubbed little bits of paper aforesaid, which being duly dropped into the crown of his hat, and hooking wife or daughter like a satchel on his arm, away he would start on such a race through the streets as left neither brain nor breath till the church was gained. Then came the process of getting in through crowded aisles, wedged up with heads, the bustle, and stir, and hush to look at him, as, with a matter-of-fact, business-like push, he elbowed his way through them and up the pulpit stairs.

After his evening services it was his custom to come directly home and spend an hour or two with his children, as he phrased it, letting himself "run down." This was our best season for being with him. He was lively, sparkling, jocose, full of anecdote and incident, and loved to have us all about him, and to indulge in a good laugh.

Often his old faithful friend the violin was called in requisition, and he would play a few antiquated contra dances and Scotch airs out of a venerable yellow music-book which had come down the vale of years with him from East Hampton. Auld Lang Syne, Bonnie Doon, and Mary's Dream were among the inevitables; and a contra dance which bore the unclerical title of "Go to the devil and shake yourself," was a great favorite with the youngsters. He aspired with ardent longings to Money Musk, College Hornpipe, and sundry other tunes arranged in unfavorable keys, although he invariably broke down, and ended the performance with a pshaw! In after years, after his mind began to fail, nothing would so thoroughly electrify him as to hear one of his sons, who was a proficient on the violin, performing those old tunes he had tried so many times to conquer.

These musical performances sometimes inspirited him and his young audience to the verge of indiscretion. When mother was gone to bed before him, he could be wrought upon by the petitions of the children to exhibit for their astonishment and delight the wonders of the double shuffle, which he said he used to dance on the barn floor at corn huskings when he was a young man. But the ravages of these saltatory exercises on the feet of his stockings caused them to be frowned upon by the female authorities to such a degree that the exhibition was a very rare treat. These innocent evening gala hours, like everything else, were a part of his system of regimen. "If I were to go to bed," he would say, "at the key at which I leave off preaching, I should toss and tumble all night. I must let off steam gradually, and then I can sleep like a child."

In fact, he was an excellent sleeper, and usually knew of but one nap, which lasted from the time his head touched the pillow till the youngest child was sent to wake him up in the morning. This was invariably the department of the reigning baby, who was solemnly instructed by him that it was necessary to take him by the nose, and kiss him many times before the heaviness in his head would go off so that he could lift it. Oftentimes he would lie in bed after his little monitor had called him, professing fears that there was a lion under the bed who would catch his foot if he put it out, and requiring repeated and earnest assurances from the curly head that he should be defended from being eaten up if he rose; and often and earnestly the breakfast-bell would ring before he could be induced to launch forth. Great would be the pride of the little monitor, who led him at last gravely into the breakfast-room, and related in baby phrase the labors of getting him up.

Eighteen.

At eighteen the true narrative of life is yet to be commenced. Before that time, we sit listening to a tale, a marvellous fiction; almost always unreal. Before that time, the world is heroic; its inhabitants half divine or semi-demon; its scenes are dream-scenes; darker woods, and stranger hills; brighter skies, more dangerous waters; sweeter flowers, more tempting fruits; wider plains, drearier deserts, sunnier fields than are found in nature, overspread our enchanted globe. What a moon we gaze on before that time? How the trembling of our hearts at her aspect bears witness to its unutterable beauty! As to our sun, it is a burning heaven—the world of gods.

At that time—eighteen, drawing near the confines of illusive, void dreams, elf land lies behind us, the shores of reality rise in front. Those shores are yet distant; they look so soft, blue, gentle, we long to reach them. In sunshine we see a greenness beneath the azure, as of spring meadows; we catch glimpses of silver lines, and imagine the roll of living waters. Could we but reach this land, we think to hunger and thirst no more; whereas many a wilderness, and often the flood of Death, or some stream of sorrow as cold and almost as black as Death, is to be crossed ere true bliss can be tasted. Every joy that life gives must be earned before it is secured; and how hardly earned, those only know who have rested for great prizes. The heart's blood must gem with great beads the brow of the combatant, before the wreath of victory rustles over it.

At eighteen we are not aware of this. Hope, when she smiles on us, and promises happiness to-morrow, is implicitly believed; Love, when he comes wandering like a lost angel to our door, is at once admitted, welcomed, embraced; his quiver is not seen; if his arrow penetrate, their wound is like a thrill of new life; there are no fears of poison, none of the barb which no leech's hand can extract; that perilous passion—an agony throughout—is believed to be an unqualified good; in short, at eighteen, the school of Experience is to be entered, and her humbling, crushing, grinding, but yet purifying and invigorating lessons, are yet to be learnt.

WELCOME.—"Papa will soon be here," said mamma to her three years old boy, "what can Georgey do to welcome him?" And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.

"Make the room neat," replied the bright little one, understanding the look, and at once beginning to gather his toys into a basket.

"What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.

"*Be happy to him when he comes!*" cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness, as he watched at the window for his father's coming.

Now—as all the dictionary makers will testify—it is very hard to give good definitions; but did not little Georgey give the very substance of a welcome!—"Be happy to him when he comes."

☞ A Frenchman, soliciting relief, said gravely to his fair hearer—"Ma'amselle, I nevaire beg, but dat I have von vife vid several small family dat is growing very large and nosing to make dere bread out of, but de perspiration of my own eyebrow."

THE FIRST VIOLETS.

BY SIR E. B. LYTTON.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale,
Which flowers reveal when lips are coy to tell?
Whose youth has paused not, dreaming in the vale,
Where the rich violets dwell?

Lo, where they shrink along the lonely brake,
Under the lifeless, melancholy tree,
Not yet the cuckoo sings, nor glides the snake,
Nor wild thyme lures the bee.

Yet at their sight and scent entranced and thrilled,
All June seems golden in the April skies.
How sweet the days we yearn for, till fulfilled!
O distant Paradise!

Dear land to which Desire for ever flies,
Time doth no Present to the grasp allow;
Say, in the fixed eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting Now?

Dream not of days to come, of that unknown
Whither hope wanders (maze without a clue);
Give their true witchery to the flowers—thine own
Youth in their youth renew.

Avarice! remember when the cowslips gold
Lured and yet lost its glitter in the grasp;
Do thy hoards glad thee more than those of old?
Those withered in thy clasp.

From *these* the hand falls palsied—it was THEN
That thou wert rich; thy coffers are a lie!
Alas, poor fool! joy is the wealth of men
And bare their poverty.

Come, foiled Ambition! what hast thou desired?
Empire and power?—O wanderer tempest tost!
These once were thine, when life's gay spring inspired
Thy soul with glories lost.

Let the flowers charm thee to the jocund prime
When o'er the stars rapt fancy traced the chart;
Thou hadst an angel's powers in that blessed time,
Thy real human heart!

Hark! hark! again the tread of bashful feet!
Hark! the boughs rustling round the trysting place!
Let air again with one dear breath be sweet,
Earth fair with one dear face!

Brief lived first flower, first love! the hours steal on,
To prank the world in Summer's pomp of hue;
But what shall flaunt beneath a fiercer sun
Worth what we lose in you?

Oft by a flower, a leaf in some loved book
We mark the lines which charm us most. Retrace
Thy life, recall its loveliest passage; look!
Dead violets mark the place!

Babies.

Babies are of two kinds, male and female, and are usually put up in packages of one, though sometimes two, in which case they are called twins, when nearly of the same age. They are not confined to any particular locality, but are found plentifully distributed over all parts of the inhabited countries. Their ages are various and have a wide range. We have known them as young as 'tis easy to calculate time on a watch dial, and then again we have seen them where they had acquired the healthy age of twenty-five with a fair prospect of advancing still farther to babyhood. Their weight depends a great deal on their heft, but as they have twenty-one years to grow in before it costs them anything, it don't matter so much how big they happen to be when they commence.

Probably babies have more pet names than any other known article of their size. In the tender years of their life, say the first two, they are lovingly addressed by such endearing names as Old Beautiful, Sweetness, Honeycomb, Him Darling Papa's Hope, Old Blessed, Mamma's Joy, Nole 'Andsome, supposed to be a contraction of Old Handsome, and hundreds of other appellations which we never could translate.

For several years, until they get old enough to play out of doors and soil their faces, their lives are one long continuous game of Copenhagen, everybody laboring under the delusion that all babies are good for is to kiss, consequently to see one is to kiss it. We cannot recollect of ever finding ourselves in the presence of a baby, but what the fond mother would say to it, "now be a good little deary, and give the gentleman a nice sweet kiss." Of course, we accept it, though kissing ain't our forte. We are naturally modest and don't care to be seen kissing anybody. We don't hanker after it as some of our friends do. We are willing to kiss a pretty girl occasionally for her mother's sake, or even for her own, rather than have any trouble, yet we think if said pretty girl owed us a kiss, we should much prefer to have it remain on interest to having it paid when it became due; we never should present our *bill* and demand payment—not if we continued perfectly sane. We understand that there are quite a number of persons who differ from us in regard to kissing, if so, let them *diff*, we cannot stop to argue the point, as our subject treats of babies.

The monotony of babies' lives is varied by such little incidents as an attack of the measles, mumps or croup, and we would not neglect to speak of cutting teeth. A baby that has got safely through with all these infantile troubles, is considered worth some seventy-five dollars more than one who has them in prospect. The diseases are, however, easily treated, as in a case of the measles all that is necessary is to have them "break out" well, and see to it that they don't "strike in." With the mumps, just let them "mump" round a day or two, and they will come out all right. With the croup it is necessary to "strike ile," generally "goose ile," and if applied in season, 'twill soon lubricate the throat without much trouble. Cutting teeth runs longer than either of the other diseases, yet by a timely investment in a rubber ring and rattle, you generally get rid of a doctor's bill. When we were young, we cut our teeth on a silver dollar, but as dollars are now made of paper, they won't stand the wear and tear of a whole set of teeth and 'tis cheaper in the end to invest in the rubber ring.

Learning to walk and talk are two achievements about which too much cannot be said. The walking though is a mere nothing compared to talking, yet it is more dangerous, and accidents oftener occur; still they usually acquire the art with the necessary breaking of some crockery or furniture, which they frantically clutch at, in order to save a fall. During the season of their practicing, nothing can drop in the house, or the least noise be made but what mother will drop whatever she has in hand, and cry out "There goes Willie, what has he done now!" and rush to the scene of action to find perhaps a flower-pot on the floor, and Willie engaged in scattering its contents about the room. After clearing up the debris, mother returns to her work thanking her stars that it was only a choice verbena that was ruined, and not Willie's neck.

Their conversation, in the beginning, is a little difficult to understand. They abbreviate a great deal, and throw aside all pronouns as perfectly useless. Listening to their talk is like attending an Italian Opera—one hears the noise but cannot understand what it means. The first "Papa" or "Mamma," distinctly spoken, is worth five dollars to either of the delighted parents. Babies must not only talk themselves, but must be talked to, and the amount of baby-talk used in a common-sized family is prodigious. Baby's appearance opens a new field to all. The old hands who have seen babies before, converse in the language quite fluently, but 'tis ludicrous to hear a beginner undertake to master this difficult tongue. Talking baby-talk is an art which few ever acquire to perfection, though, by constant practice the most stupid can partially acquire it, yet it takes two or three generations of babies to make a perfect linguist.

The effect a baby produces on a family, no matter how sober said family may be, is wonderful to behold. It completely turns the heads of all. If any particular one behaves more insane, or is carried away more than the rest, we think Grandma will bear off the palm, although Pa, Ma, Grandpa, Aunt, Uncle, and a long list of cousins are not to be counted out by any means. We think the mother acts the most sensible, though even she has her failings and weak points in regard to "baby," and will occasionally exhibit a trace of insanity, when dilating upon his charms and accomplishments.

The effect babies have on progression is self-evident. No one ever knew of a baby inferior to any other preceding baby. On the contrary each one is a little in advance of any yet born, and when we think of the vast numbers yet to be, and how every one will be a trifle superior to its predecessor, what a glorious future awaits us! We shall eventually reach perfection. How can those persons who believe that we retrograde instead of progress, reconcile this fact with their absurd theory?

Some people, a little enthusiastic, look upon a baby "as a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Now we have seen some whom we thought had a liberal discount on their beauty, and their "joy forever" would quickly vanish on having it commence to cry and "refuse to be comforted," when left in our charge, and we busily engaged in reading or writing.

It must be comforting to a man, no matter how ugly or despised he may now be, to think that he was once a baby beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends. It is a comfort we would not deny him. There are quite a number of this world's people, who were not loving babes a great while; they arrived at years when people cease to love them, quite early in life, and have never been babies since.

Babies resemble wheat in many respects. Firstly—neither are good for much till they arrive at maturity. Secondly—both are *bred* in the house, and are also the *flower* of the family. Thirdly—both have to be cradled. Fourthly—both are generally well *thrashed* before they are done with.

Babies, like every one else, have their faults and dark sides. By their dark sides we have no reference to negro babies; yet we would not abolish babies if we had the power, because such babies as we have are better than no babies at all, but we insist that our friend shall refrain from asking us if their own particular baby "is not handsome?" We hate to hurt our friend's feeling, but all cannot see beauty alike, and in nine cases out of ten we are obliged to tell a small-sized lie, and say: "Oh, yes, he is a *beautiful* baby, and so like his mother." We remember yet, when a youth, of once daring to say "No" to that question. We shall never forget it, neither shall we ever answer so again. We hope we have been forgiven, but fear we have not. If we have written anything that has offended any one, we humbly ask his or her pardon. We like babies—we greatly prefer them to cats, even in as large quantities as ten to one, and fifteen to one *where the cat is black*. We don't always like them too near us. Distance sometimes "lends enchantment to the view." It is not pleasant to occupy an adjoining stateroom, and have a baby make night hideous with his cries. It requires a degree of patience to bear that all night, which we do not possess. We are always glad to be apprised of the fact that we are an Uncle, Aunt, or some other relative, to some new William Henry or little Maggie. We always feel hurt when our friends visit us, if they don't bring all their babies with them. We like to exclaim with Macbeth, "the cry is still they come!" E Pluribus Babies! Long may they wave!—*Portland Transcript.*

ALONE.—Solitude, though silent as light, is, like the light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned into God's presence no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which he has already passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which he has to pass; reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another.

☞ The Painesville (Ohio) Telegraph says that a man named Valentine Perkins, who has been in a state of almost complete ossification for twenty-five years, has just died at their county infirmary, aged fifty-two years. Ossification commenced when he was eleven years old, joint by joint, when he became totally ossified, with the exception that he could move two of his fingers, and make the slightest perceptible motion with one or two of his toes. His health has generally been good until a day or two since, and he has had a good appetite. He has been totally blind for the last thirty years.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"MY NIECE'S ENGAGEMENT."

It was a very tender subject to touch upon with her father. Theo knew that he would be glad to the point of being blind to what she might be feeling, if the art were hers to conceal feeling at all. But still it was so tender a subject that she dreaded touching upon it.

All the way home from Lowndes that night she, sitting silently in the corner of the carriage, wandered about the English language, seeking for words that should best tell the tale of Frank Burgoyne's offer, and her acceptance of it. She wished that she possessed Frank's graphic gift, for, on thinking it over, really she could not remember that he said more than a word or two. Yet he had made himself intelligible—sufficiently intelligible, that is to say.

Mrs. Vaughan was sitting up awaiting them on their return; and Mrs. Vaughan was much depressed, as was only natural on the part of the solitary waiting for the gay and reckless who were out enjoying themselves. Mrs. Vaughan had all the materials for utterly subduing and rendering them miserable and downcast immediately they entered ready at her hand. Over her injured head (she felt injured at being left at home, though she had distinctly refused to go) she wore a pallid little shawl, that looked as if it had seen some suffering, to represent chilly weariness. On her lap she held a large book of a religious nature to show how she had been enabled to endure said chilly weariness. These means accomplished her end. They all felt profoundly sorry—for themselves—the instant they came into her presence.

"Ugh: I'm cold; I'll go to bed," Sydney said quickly.

"It will be but a short night," Mrs. Vaughan remarked, in sepulchral tones.

"I am afraid you have been dull by yourself, my dear Elizabeth," Mr. Leigh suggested cheerily, sitting down and stirring the fire. He could not help feeling cheery; he saw in Theo's face that she had something to say to him; and an undefined feeling of satisfaction with all men and women and things sprang into being in his soul at the sight.

"I am never dull with this near me," Mrs. Vaughan replied, patting the book rather fiercely; and then the Reverend Thomas essayed to cough down a sigh that arose at the thought of the pleasant night that was in store for him.

"And what sort of an evening has my little girl had?" Mr. Leigh asked, in that tone of affected liveliness which is so ghastly, and so hard to bear at unseemly times. Theo felt this present time to be unseemly for the display of such facetiousness, and therefore did not know how to respond to it.

"The evening was well enough; why shouldn't it have been? Of course it was nice there; but then the drive home is long and cold, you know," she answered, putting her arms across her father's shoulder, and her head down upon her arms with a weariness that made her uncertain as to whether she was very happy or not.

"*You* seemed to find it pleasant, anyway," Sydney exclaimed abruptly. "Now to me there is nothing particularly pleasant in going out to see people all bored with one another, as all those people seemed to-night. Mr. Linley is the only one who ever has anything to say for himself, and he was knocked up with that journey he had taken about his rubbishing book, which isn't worth it, I dare say."

"If she thinks Mr. Linley the only one who ever has anything to say, she won't mind when I tell her what Frank has said to me to-night," Theo thought.

But here Theo reckoned without her host, or rather without due reflection on the various intricacies of Miss Sydney's nature. When rest and apparent peace were over that clerical mansion that night; when Theo had told her father the tidings that were so hard for her to tell in the precise manner in which she desired to tell them to him, so hard for her to tell, partly because they were so joyous for him to hear; when Mrs. Vaughan had made incidental mention for the forty-eighth time, Mr. Vaughan counted, within the hour, to her own special fraction of the church, of "my niece's engagement"—when all these things were, and many others besides that may not be catalogued here, Theo went in, like a restless spirit, in plaited hair and cambric, to communicate as much as she should have the rash daring to communicate to the sleepy Sydney.

Miss Scott was in the debateable land between slumber and waking when Theo entered her room—that is to say, she had just gone over a precipice with velocity, and her heart was thumping, partly with the bound she had given in her bed, and partly with honest indignation at the idea of anything so puerile as a precipice which didn't exist coming between herself and the sleep she coveted. The entrance of her friend at this moment with a candle, that looked like sitting up, was not calculated to restore her equanimity. She asked somewhat snappishly:

"What do you want? Is the house on fire?"

"Nothing so bad as that," Theo replied; "only I—I want to talk to you a little."

"Talk away, my dear. You won't mind my going to sleep, I hope, if your talk's to be long."

"It won't be long, Sydney. Do just turn your head and look at me. You know what you said to me yesterday about going to Lowndes to-day."

Theo was getting nervous: she feared that the event would lead Sydney to accuse her (Theo) of something like dishonesty in having listened, as she had listened, to those sayings of "yesterday;" she was getting nervous, albeit she was innocent of this great offence, therefore she stammered.

"What I said to you yesterday about going to Lowndes to-day?" Sydney repeated after Theo.

Sydney felt intuitively that something antagonistic to her statements of yesterday was forthcoming, consequently she was non-committal now, and prepared to act upon the defensive.

Theo found herself on a wrong course; she therefore "tacked across," and made a slight progress on her way to elucidation.

"Sydney, dear, I thought till to-night that Mr. Burgoyne was very much attracted—I mean, was very fond of you. Of course he is 'attracted by you—every one must be that."

Theo spoke very hurriedly, and there was almost an apologetic cadence in her voice, hardly as she strove to eradicate it, for she knew that such would be precisely the cadence which would be most offensive to Miss Sydney.

Sydney looked fearlessly right out of her eyes, as it were; she saw very clearly what was coming now, but she was determined to make no sign of having been punished in this race which she had run with Theo. After all, this was but a rehearsal—practice is always good.

Thinking thus, Miss Sydney looked fearlessly, as I said before, right out of her eyes, and said:

"And to-night, I suppose, you have found that Mr. Burgoyne rather prefers your noble *self!* You don't think that I didn't see that, too, do you, Theo? Well, dear, all I can do is to congratulate you both on this offer, if he's made you one, and on your having had the sense to bury your dead, and give up going about and doing the victim to man's perfidy business any longer."

Theo looked guilty, miserable, in a moment; it was an unkind thrust from her little friend; but her little friend was capable of doing a good deal in that way.

"Good-night, Sydney; I thought I would tell you at once, because—"

"It's rather nice to receive an offer from the future Lord Lesborough: oh, yes, dear, I quite understand. Good-night. You must say, Theo," she continued virtuously, "that I have been a regular brick. I have been discretion itself, for your Master Frank isn't averse to flirting."

"This being kind and unanswerable, Theo did not attempt to answer it.

"You didn't see my joke last night when I was talking to you, Theo," Sydney went on with the most joyous frankness; she *did* rebound very soon; "you didn't see that it was I who would have to come and stay with you when you're married, and be got off. How dense you were!"

"I suppose I was: the truth is, I was not listening to what you said, Sydney."

"That was civil, but I'll forgive you. Now I'll give you a bit of advice, for I am not blinded by being spoony on Mr. Frank, which you are," (how heartily glad Theo felt that she was!)—"don't give him too much rope, for he'll take it, and if I know anything at all of men, which I rather flatter myself I do, he's one who will always make love to the lips that are near; and don't be jealous, for that is a bore to yourself; and good-night, Theo, I am so glad you have been so lucky."

Perhaps it was not the nicest or most soothing parting-speech that could have been uttered; doubtless the bright little blonde meant it to be both these things; still she felt a trifle disappointed when she marked how very faint was the impression that it made on Theo Leigh.

There was such a universal air of elation over the whole house the following morning that Theo almost expected to see her esteemed relatives, together with the tables and chairs, burst into Terpsichorean demonstrations. It was almost mortifying to discover what a mere nothing she had been before in the eyes of her uncle and aunt by the light of this sudden refulgence with which beamed upon her. Viands were lavished upon her, fears as to her complexion no longer assailed Mrs. Vaughan, she heard her manners described to her father as being so "innately well bred" that Mrs. Vaughan felt, after seeing them in a niece of hers, that she had nothing further to wish for in life. Mr. Leigh, in his satisfaction at what had transpired, accepted these tributes to his daughter radiantly, believing, after the manner of honest people, that they were honestly paid to Theo, and would have been paid to her in any case. In fact, Theo was nauseated by her young success before it was one, indeed; for though Mr. Burgoyne had spoken the conclusive words to her, there was still Lord Lesborough, Mr. Burgoyne's grandfather, to be consulted. What would *he* say to this contemplated marriage of his heir? Theo was the only one who could answer that question without flinching; though she felt that, if he said "No," not all that wild brawling Hensley water would suffice to put out the flame of Aunt Libby's wrath.

"I suppose you won't go out this morning in case?" Mrs. Vaughan said to her brother with a transparent air of mystery, and an abrupt halt on the word "case," which said more plainly than aught else that she meant in "case Frank came."

"No-o, I shall look at the paper," Mr. Leigh said. "You young ladies will be ready to go back to-morrow?" he continued, addressing Sydney Scott and his daughter.

"I shall, papa."

"And *I* shall, Mr. Leigh," Sydney replied promptly; then, recovering her politeness, she added, "although I'm sure we have had a most delightful visit, Mrs. Vaughan."

Mrs. Vaughan was too well pleased to be down, as she otherwise would have been, upon the first portion of the speech. She accepted the latter part with smiles that were so broad, so free and flowing, so rich in color, and gorgeous altogether, that they really resembled flags of triumph. When she had waved these over the heads of her own household for a while, she went out to make the village happy.

"I hope to goodness Aunt Libby won't say anything in the village, papa! did you caution her?"

"Bless my soul, no!" Mr. Leigh replied; "but of course she—"

"Will," Theo interrupted; "yes, she will, I'm sure—she always does."

In the meantime the momentous subject had been broached at Maddington, and, as was only just and natural, Lord Lesborough was violently opposed to that for which he had been verbally anxious for years. "It was true that he had desired to see Frank married," he acknowledged; "marriage was the only safeguard against that destruction towards which he was distressed to see Frank drifting." Here he left off being tender, and burst into wrath. "But such a marriage as this! It would be but a repetition of the d—d affair that ruined—yes, *ruined*—his father."

"Having made her an offer, and she having accepted me, I'm not going to be hounded off it," Frank said doggedly. "I shall stand to it, sir, which will save you the trouble of looking out for a cause for quarrelling with me any longer."

In his heart Lord Lesborough loved his grandson, but being obstinate unto death himself, he had always elected to believe that obstinacy had been the rock upon which Frank's father had split, and that in the natural course of things obstinacy would be the rock upon which Frank himself would split. Still, he loved his grandson, and he was horribly angry with those words, which appeared to cast a doubt upon that love.

"You know you like her yourself, papa," Ethel said to him, reproachfully, when Frank had gone out of the room.

"I do; nevertheless it is not the match for Frank to make."

"I think he's very fond of her," Ethel pursued, not that she was in reality very firmly convinced of anything of the sort, but it is a nice womanly thing to say on such an occasion, so Ethel said it.

"He'll get over that," Lord Lesborough replied stiffly.

"Not if he's the true Burgoyne I take him to be," Ethel went on, warming to her theme and feeling, as was natural, ten times more interested in Frank's love now that she was put in the position of counsel for the defence than she had been before—"not if he is the true Burgoyne I take him to be. Why, papa, you of all men would disown him for it if he could 'get over' a genuine thing soon. What did you tell us the other day?—that, well as you had loved our mother, you never loved her with the deep wild love you had for Harold Ffrench's mother! You never got over it—why should Frank?"

"I wish Harold were here," was all Lord Lesborough's answer.

"So do I, with all my heart," Ethel replied; "*he* would plead for Frank, he—do promise one thing, that if he thinks well of it you will too; he knows Theo, you know."

Accordingly Lord Lesborough promised, and Ethel went into suspense for at least ten minutes after the incoming of every train, and eagerly awaited the advent of Harold Ffrench, who had promised to come back to Maddington as soon as he could. He was, in truth, on his way to them now, for after Julie had transformed herself from an innocent bundle of floss silk into a ruthless detective, he had no heart to stay in the house where was lying the dead body of her who had been his wife. He was on his way back to his friends and Maddington—Maddington that was so near to the spot made sacred to him by love. He was on his way back, he was free, he was happy with a feverish happiness; he was on his way back to—what?

Mrs. Vaughan had a very pleasant progress through part of the village before Sydney ran her to ground and unearthed her. The mere mention of "my niece's engagement to Mr. Burgoyne" took away the breath of the majority of her auditors, and as the majority of her auditors would have burst their kindly hearts rather than have suffered her to perceive how staggered they were, the delight was doubled. Mrs. Vaughan had, it must be confessed, no bad notion of what constitutes success and imparts the extra sheen to it. She painted quite an effective picture of Theo's having come, and seen, and conquered in an incredibly short space of time. She mentioned, in a light and airy manner, the youth, the extreme youth, the childhood almost, of said conqueror, who was put back by her excellent aunt to "between sixteen and seventeen," in a casual kind of way that of course made an immense impression on old ladies between sixty and seventy. Mr. Burch's three daughters, who were all pronounced at the county and assize balls to be "remarkably effective, handsome girls," and who all made a point of grouping in the window according to their lights whenever Mr. Burgoyne rode past it down the village street, and who had individually and collectively hoped a great deal from the way in which he had raised his hat to them at divers times, said, "Ah! how very nice! Soon be married, of course; there being nothing to wait for if Lord Lesborough were agreeable." At which poor Mrs. Vaughan, not having the faintest notion yet whether or not Lord Lesborough would be agreeable on this occasion, went into the smiles of uncertainty, and the Burch trio were partially avenged.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"WHAT MATTER A LITTLE MORE WAITING TO ONE WHO HAS WAITED FOR YEARS?"

To have stayed in that house where the life had fled and the glove had been found, and David Linley had to the last, to the very last, been falsely friendly with that false wife, was more than Harold Ffrench could do. Had Julie suffered things to remain as the more discreet and deceitful human beings in the house would have desired, Mr. Ffrench would have done one whom he deemed faithful (the servant who had stayed with his wife for so many years) the grace of remaining to see that wife buried. By way of justifying what he had mistaken for affection—by way of rewarding that woman's fidelity with a show of supposition on his part that such fidelity and affection was not unmerited—he would have stayed, and have shown that he believed the best of her who was gone. But not now, not now.

Not now, with that woman laughing in her sleeve at his having been hood-winked so long and so well. Not now, with the echo of the lie she had uttered to him but just now still ringing in his ears. It would be unworthy of him now to stay and seem to sorrow and sympathize in ever so small a degree. Let her be buried decently and in order, for the sake of humanity; but he was exempt now from all claim on his special interest in the sorrow of the surviving maid, and the dignity of the dead mistress.

He would go back to Maddington. He wanted reassuring, he desired to feel the sense of security the sight of Theo would give him. He needed to be with people who thought well of even if they did not like him, and for whom that sorrowful story of his was not written upon his brow legibly in type that those who ran might read. All this he needed, and all this he would have down at Maddington.

Together with something brighter still: the sight of Theo's face when she should hear the truth from him, and turn to him with such balm for what he had suffered in it, and such a joyous pledge of recompense in the future. How she would forgive him for that fond folly of his, divided by such a tiny line from guilty selfishness, which had caused him to linger by her side down on those bleak marshes alone on the rush-covered bank. How she would forgive him and love him. The train sped slowly after that thought arose.

It was scarcely absent from his mind during the whole journey. It was present there and vivid the whole time, and it was very comforting.

The only thing, the solitary shadow that fell across and marred the brightness of it (and that very seldom) was the thought that would arise once or twice of how many more years had passed over his head than over hers. So many years as he had known beyond her must be strike off from the roll of those which he might

hope to know with her. He found himself regretting his age, and fervently praying that the blood of youth could bound through his veins once more. For youth would be her portion for many years to come, and the richest bloom of womanhood, especially with such a physique, would be hers when he was grey-haired and maybe decrepid.

The train seemed very slow to him. It was useless his asking himself "what matter a little more waiting to one who has waited for years?" The "little more waiting" that was rendered a necessity by space intervening, by space alone! thank God, he said almost aloud, was more bitterly hard to bear than aught had been for years. He so longed to lift the sorrow from the young heart, and the cloud from the young eyes that had been the one so light and the other so bright when first they turned towards him.

His greatest, his only ambition, now, was to have a home where Theo would be also, and to be at rest with her. Had this incubus, which was but just removed from him, been lifted away from him years ago while youth and the desire to do something, to make a stir in the world, has still been his, he might have striven and failed, and been more embittered than he was as things were. So he looked leniently back upon that long series of desultory attempts to do so little, that when those attempts failed he scarcely marked the failure of them. Failure on a larger field might have driven him down into depths from whence there would have been no arising—into depths from which he told himself now no man could have arisen to Theo Leigh. Therefore he felt leniently towards that long inactive career which sometimes he had regretted while still leading it, and thought that, as that inactivity had led him into comparatively little evil, so now, after it, he was fairly entitled to nurse the sole ambition left to him—to cherish, and dwell upon, and yearn to realize the vision of the peaceful, quiet, loving life which should be his with Theo.

Harold Ffrench walked fast when he got out of the train at Hensley, walked fast as a man is apt to walk when he has something pleasant to do and is in haste to do it. He was in mourning, in such mourning as a man can go into at once in these sombrely clothed days without making any material change in his dress. But there was no mourning in his face, and none in his heart. He was a brighter, happier man than he had been for long years; and he was a better man, too, as is often the case when one is happier.

He was in broad charity with all men except David Linley, whose heart even then, in that happy, gentling hour, he could have torn from his breast and flung to perdition without compunction. But for the rest of the world, he had such glowing kindly feelings, such a wealth of toleration, such a mighty sympathy.

"What days we'll have together!" he said aloud to himself, as he got into the Maddington grounds, and walked along even faster than before, impatient to announce himself, and then go on to Theo. "Dear little thing! she who was satisfied with the prospect over those bleak, hard marshes, while I talked to her of better things and more luscious scenes; to take her where I have been myself, and see her whole soul leaping towards me while I tell her what I was suffering then. It is worth having lived for, this; it will be no bad reward for the hell I have known."

Faster and even faster along the avenue, with many of the hopes that were his in his long-left youth coming back to him, and crowding tumultuously through his brain. Resuming all unconsciously the very gait that had been his in youth, carrying his head more buoyantly, his hands in his pockets more carelessly, his heart in his breast more blithely than ever he had done since that day when he had stood on the deck of the English frigate and lifted the Greek girl's veil.

So on to the house where he seemed to be expected, and wished, and waited for, in a manner that was very pleasant to behold, especially by Ethel, who had never been wont to be demonstrative towards him. But now she came forward through the whole length of the oak parlor when he entered it and found her there alone, and gladly made him welcome, telling him how happy she was to see him, and how much they *all* had been and were wanting him, in tones that had the genuine ring of the metal.

"That's very good of you," he replied. "I'll hear what you want me for when I come back. I'm just going over to Hensley."

"Oh! do wait a little," Ethel began earnestly.

He shook his head—he was in no mood for more waiting; he had been waiting for years for much, for months for this very thing which now he was about to make his own.

"I shall be back before long," he answered, thinking the while that it would be extremely probable that he should be nothing of the kind; "but I have something to do, and I must go and do it at once."

He was about to leave the room as he spoke, but Ethel checked him.

"Mr. Ffrench, do stop."

He stopped and went back to her, and she held out her hand; and when he gave his she held it fast.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh! it's about Frank. Do sit down, and I will tell you; but you mustn't be impatient, will you?"

"I will try not to be impatient, if you will try to tell me quickly."

"So I will; as if your Hensley business, which is probably about a gun, or a dog, or a saddle, couldn't wait! I always find, when men have particular business down at Hensley, that it's at the farrier's or the vet's."

"Mine is neither; however, go on."

"Well, then; you know what a dear boy Frank is, and that papa is often just a little perverse with him?"

Harold Ffrench nodded and asked:

"Has he smashed the Baron again?"

"Oh, no—nothing bad; he has only fallen in love."

"Ay, and with whom?"

He had no suspicion, not the faintest shadow, as to what her answer would be, and Ethel had none either as to how it would touch him.

"He has fallen desperately in love, poor boy, and proposed, and been accepted, a thing papa has always been wishing him to do if the girl was nice; and here now, when they are both tremendously in love, and no girl can be nicer than Theo Leigh, papa———What's the matter?"

He had not started, or smote his chest, or his forehead, or fainted, or gone ghastly white, or given any other melodramatic sign of emotion. He had merely flushed; a strong man's flush of disappointed passion and cruel jealousy is no pleasant sight to witness.

"What's the matter?" Ethel repeated wonderingly.

"Nothing; an old wound that I'm apt to feel after exertion; go on."

"Well, Frank—but I didn't know you had ever been wounded?"

"Long ago, and it was to death I thought at the time. Go on."

It was to death now—the death of all good within him, but he would bear to the end.

"Well, Frank can't get papa's consent to their engagement—it's cruel to him and to her too, poor girl, but if you—"

"Are they so devotedly attached to each other?" Harold Ffrench interrupted bitterly.

"I believe they are, and you can't wonder at it; any girl would be sure to be won by Frank if he tried to win her; he has every quality to attract and endear him to a woman; do speak to papa, Mr. Ffrench," she went on earnestly, "he promises to be influenced by you; and even if you don't care for Frank, you like Miss Leigh, so just think of what she must have been suffering all these days—with her temperament to be subjected to such a mortifying uncertainty."

"She shall know no further suffering if I can avert it; I will go to your father at once."

"That's good of you; before you go to Hensley?" she added inquiringly.

"Yes, before I go to Hensley; in fact, my Hensley business was very unimportant."

He was sitting now with his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped together, and his head bent down low as though he were gazing earnestly at the pattern on the carpet. Miss Ethel, looking at him, marked the deadening influence that seemed to have come over him suddenly, and also for the first time observed the black clothes.

"I have been so selfishly interested in dear Frank's affairs that I didn't see—" she began hesitatingly, then she added more rapidly, "I fear you have lost some friend since we saw you."

He saw her eyes travelling down from the black tie and jet studs to the band that was round the hat which was lying on a chair by his side.

"I have lost the only being in the world who was dear to me," he said savagely, "don't speak to me about it any more; lost! I have been losing all my life."

He rose up as he spoke, and Ethel, feeling very sorry for him as she did, still hoped that he was going to put the memory of his losses away from him for the nonce, and proceed on his mission on behalf of Frank the favorite without delay.

"Are you going to papa now?" she asked.

"I hardly know; I think, if you'll allow me, I will take a stroll first; the young people," he smiled grimly as he said it, "can exist for an hour or two longer in uncertainty—cheered and supported as they are by their mutual passion."

"I don't expect you to have much sympathy; with that sort of thing," Ethel replied, smiling; then she looked at him and wondered why she had not expected him to have much sympathy with "that sort of thing;" there was no incongruity between himself and the subject. "But I know you will do Frank a good turn if you can," she went on earnestly, "and you see, if he is baulked in this thing, the very thing we have all been urging upon him as a sure means of pleasing papa, why, there's no saying how it may affect him; is there?"

Harold Ffrench did not answer for a minute or two. He was asking himself during that pause why he should interest himself in the matter?—why he should obey the behest of Miss Ethel and strive to smoothe the path of his rival?—why he should interfere between Frank and the possible perdition a disappointment might drive Frank into? But when he had asked himself why he should do this thing, which would be putting his hand to that fatal wheel of fortune which was crushing him, he remembered Theo. Remembered Theo, and resolved that never another pang, another doubt, should be hers while he could save her from it.

"No, there's no saying how it may affect him," he replied in an indifferent tone; "well, my voice shall be raised for the happy pair; where is your father?"

"He keeps in his own study, and declares he feels the gout coming on."

"And where is Fra—, your nephew?"

"Gone down to see Theo, I believe," Ethel replied, laughing; "I never thought to see Frank so completely upset; he was as pale and agitated as a girl this morning, and so touchy."

"Is he?" Harold Ffrench replied, sarcastically. "Miss Leigh will, without doubt, repay him for his anguish."

Then he went off to speak to Lord Lesborough; but had he known the true cause of Frank's pallor and touchiness, he would have, even at the risk of seeming to play Frank false, have carried out his original intention and gone over to Theo at once.

Lord Lesborough was sitting by the fire in his study with a table covered with bills by his side, and a portentous frown of calculation on his forehead. The bills were all duly docketed, and they were all paid; therefore at first sight the frown appeared to be a work of supererogation on the part of his noble brows. But they had a mission, those bills, and they were fulfilling it. They had been incurred by Frank at divers periods of his career, and they had been assiduously looked up this morning by Lord Lesborough in order to feed the flame of his wrath against his grandson. One of Lord Lesborough's legs was extended straight out before him, too, after the manner of one who is suffering from the gout.

"How are you, Harold? glad to see you back again," he exclaimed, shuffling his papers about with a great air of business as Harold Ffrench came in.

"I'm here only for an hour or two," Harold replied, shaking hands with his host.

Lord Lesborough picked his leg off the chair in most unseemly haste.

"You don't mean to say you're going off again to-day?" he asked, "I wanted to talk to you about that boy; he's got himself into a d—d mess."

Harold Ffrench felt the blood rising to his face and throbbing in his veins. It was hideous to the man who loved her better than he had ever loved anything in life to hear Theo Leigh alluded to in this way. He could not answer the allusion immediately, so he said,

"I'm sorry to hear that you have signs of the gout about you."

"Yes, I'm afraid it's coming on," Lord Lesborough replied, promptly acting on the reminder, and replacing his leg on the rest with much circumspection and many facial expressions of anguish.

"Been taking too much port wine?" Harold suggested. In reality, he neither cared for nor believed in Lord Lesborough's gout or its cause at this juncture. He only wanted to gain a little time before the subject of the death-blow of his own hopes was mooted.

"It's not that," Lord Lesborough replied, quickly. Port that had been ten years in bottle and three in the wood, was much affected by him, and he had an exceeding great dislike to hearing that its effects were not invariably all that was desirable. So now he replied somewhat testily that "It was not that," and then went on to add,

"It's chiefly mental with me; if a thing weighs on my mind it's almost sure to fly to—to—" he hesitated and rubbed his leg; he had not quite made up his mind whether he would say to his "knee" or his "foot."

Then Harold Ffrench determined that he would no longer strive to evade the very subject which he had come to discuss.

"What is weighing upon your mind now?" he asked, rising up and leaning his back against the chimney-board.

"That boy's folly—you have not heard yet?"

"Yes, I have heard from your daughter that he has engaged himself to Miss Leigh. On my life I can't consider it a folly on his part."

Once more Lord Lesborough forgot the effect of his mental excitement; he took his leg down from the rest and planted both feet firmly on the ground.

"You're about right, perhaps," he said; "the girl is more foolish still to have imagined for an instant that I should permit the thing to go on."

Harold Ffrench stood silently looking down on his old friend with a glowing face and steady eyes for a few seconds. At last he said, holding his hand out to Lord Lesborough as he spoke,

"You have treated me as your son for years, and I am very grateful for the love you have shown me for my mother's sake; Heaven knows your unswerving friendship has been the only light in a preciously black career; but if wrong or insult is offered to Theo Leigh at your instigation or from a member of your family, I shall banish that solitary light, and say good-bye to you and Maddington for ever."

"Are you mad, Harold?" Lord Lesborough asked, wonderingly.

"God knows I have enough to make me mad. No; I think I'm sane enough now. Come, Lesborough," he continued abruptly, "grant me this favor—let your grandson be happy with that girl, who is far too noble for him, or for any other man that I know."

"It's not the match he should make," Lord Lesborough replied, shaking his head and rubbing his leg.

"Not the match he should make; I agree with you in the latter, but not in the spirit. What do you want him to marry? Not money, I know. She has no rank certainly, but she is a gentlewoman born and bred, and she has a heart of gold; if it is set upon your grandson now" (he gave a gulp over the words,) "don't try it, for God's sake."

"You speak very warmly of the young lady," Lord Lesborough said. "One would think—"

"Stop! don't 'think' about it," Harold interrupted. "I will tell you why I speak so warmly of the young lady, and when you have heard it you will put no obstacles in the way your grandson is going if you're the man I take you to be."

Then Mr. Ffrench sat down, and in a low voice, for his heart was heavy, he told the man who had loved *his* mother the story of that first meeting down on the bleak marshes, the love that grew out of that meeting, the constraint, the suffering, the blight that ensued, and lastly the cause of that constraint and suffering, and its recent removal.

"If this was broken off you might have her still," Lord Lesborough said somewhat huskily.

"Have her still, after she has found out her first mistake, and loved another man according to her years! God bless her, no. It is natural that this should have come about. Let her be happy at last."

"If she can be happy with that boy after you," Lord Lesborough said, somewhat scornfully. "However, I won't interfere; and you will come to Maddington as usual while I live, won't you?"

Soon after this, Harold Ffrench went away, and late that evening Theo Leigh received a note from Ethel containing warm congratulations from the whole family, and a promise of coming to call on her (Theo) the following day. Frank was with her when she received the note, but instead of handing it him, she kept a nervous hold on it long after she had read its contents.

"What more does Ethel say?" Frank asked.

"Not much," Theo replied.

"Let me see," he said; then she handed it to him, and he read, "Harold Ffrench came down for a short time to-day, and won a most complete consent from papa; it seems he has a great admiration for you, Miss Theo, and he has quite succeeded in making papa share the feeling."

"Curse him for interfering," Frank thought, as he gave the letter back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN ARMY'S MARCH.—General Sherman's army, in its last march to meet Johnston, would, if it occupied a single road, require 125 miles of road to stretch itself upon. The wagon trains of this army cannot march on less than forty miles of road. Its batteries will cover seven miles, its ambulances five. It carries 1,800,000 rations of bread, the same amount of sugar, and the same of salt. Eight hundred wagon loads of bread and 3,600,000 rations of coffee are provided for the trip, and for a few days' rations of salt meat, 375,000 pounds are deemed a fair allowance. The single item of ammunition requires one thousand wagons—a train of itself nearly twelve miles long. The men, in fours, could not march when well closed up on less than twenty-five miles of road. Two thousand five hundred pack-mules follow its regiments. And these calculations do not include the intervals between different commands, nor allow anything for the great gaps which any slight delay will make in a moving column.

☞ Henry Taine says that two nations inhabit France. "The one dines, sleeps, yawns, listens, and dwells in Paris; the other thinks, acts, watches, talks and inhabits the provinces. The latter is led captive by the former, like a snail by a butterfly."

THE FIRST PLOT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

(FROM THE "PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.")

The murder of Mr. Lincoln, more than four years after his induction into the office of President of the United States, is not the fulfilment of a recent intention, nor is the guilt of it confined to the actual murderrr and his present active accomplices. Soon after the first election of Mr. Lincoln, a plot was matured for his assassination, which was vaguely rumored at the time of its intended execution, but which was never exposed in any formal manner, and hence never obtained general credence. As we are in possession of some of its outlines, and the means by which it was defeated, the mention of the circumstances may now be received with a degree of interest which they could not heretofore have excited. It is proper to say that we state them substantially as they were reported some time ago, by a gentleman who was chiefly instrumental in defeating the conspiracy. His communication was made in the course of a private conversation, and, although without any injunction of secrecy, yet as he is not at present in this city, and his permission therefore cannot at once be obtained to use his own or other names in this publication, we make it in such guarded form as may involve no breach of presumed confidence.

In the month of January, 1861, a gentleman holding a position in this city, which made him a proper agent to act on the information, was waited upon by a lady, who stated to him her suspicions or knowledge—whence derived we are not able to say—of a plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln when on his way *from* his home in Illinois to Washington, to be inaugurated as President. The active parties, or some of them, in the business, were understood to be in Baltimore. At all events, the gentleman considered that the intelligence had sufficient foundation to make it his duty to satisfy himself whether it might be correct. He accordingly employed a detective officer, a man who had in his profession become notable for his sagacity and success, to go to Baltimore and adopt his own course to detect the parties to and plan of the conspiracy.

The officer went to Baltimore, and opened an office as some sort of broker or agent, under an assumed name, of course. Being supplied with needful funds, he made occasions to become acquainted with certain classes of secessionists, and by degrees was on free and easy terms with them. He took each man in his humor, dined and supped with some, gambled with others, "treated" and seconded dissipations in more ways than need be expressely stated, until he had secured enough of their confidence to be familiar with the particulars of their scheme. Meanwhile it had been ascertained that on the line of the Baltimore Railroad there were men engaged in military drilling. Several other detectives were employed by the chief to discover the purpose of those organizations; and, disguised as laborers or farm hands, they got themselves mustered in. One of the military companies proved to be loyal in its purpose; another, under pretence of being prepared to guard one or more of the bridges north of Baltimore, was designed for quite an opposite purpose.

It will be remembered that some time before Mr. Lincoln set out from his home for Washington, his intended route thither was published. A part of the programme was that he should visit Harrisburg and Philadelphia. We believe that Mr. Lincoln was not advised especially of any personal danger until he was about to go to Harrisburg, and then, at the instance of the gentleman referred to, he was urged to proceed without delay to Washington. He replied, however, that he had promised the people of Harrisburg to answer their invitation, and he would do so if it cost him his life. He accordingly visited Harrisburg on the 22d of February, 1861. It was intended he should rest there that evening. But under the management of "the gentleman," another arrangement was effected.

The night train from Philadelphia to Baltimore and Washington departs at half-past ten o'clock in the evening. It was determined that Mr. Lincoln should go secretly by that train on the evening of the 23d; and to enable him to do so, a special train was provided to bring him secretly from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. After dark, in the former city, when it was presumed he had retired to his hotel, he accordingly took this special train, and came to Philadelphia. Meanwhile, in anticipation of his coming, "the gentleman" had ensured the detention of the Philadelphia and Baltimore train, under the pretence that a parcel of important documents for one of the Departments in Washington must be dispatched by it, but which might not be ready until after the regular time of the starting of that train. By a similar representation, the connecting train from Baltimore to Washington was also detained. Owing to the late hour at which the special train left Harrisburg with Mr. Lincoln, it did not, as was anticipated, reach this city until after the usual Philadelphia and Baltimore time. Mr. Lincoln was accompanied by the officer who had been employed in Baltimore. A formidable bundle of old railroad reports had been made up in the office of the Philadelphia and Baltimore company, which the officer, duly instructed, had charge of. On the arrival of the Harrisburg train, Mr. Lincoln took a carriage in waiting, and with his escort was driven to the depot at Broad and Prime streets. The officer made some ostentatious bustle, arriving with his parcel for which the train was detained, and passing through the depot, entered the cars, Mr. Lincoln in his company. As Mr. Lincoln passed through the gate, the man attending it remarked —"Old fellow, it's well for you the train was detained to-night, or you wouldn't have gone in it." No one aboard the train but the agent of the company and the officer knew of Mr. Lincoln's being in it. He was conducted to a sleeping car, and thus was kept out of the way of observation.

To guard against any possible communication by telegraph at this time, the circuit was broken, to be united when it would be safe to do so. The plan of the conspirators was to break or burn one of the bridges north of Baltimore at the time of Mr. Lincoln's anticipated approach on the following day; and, in the confusion incident to the stoppage of the train, to assassinate him in the cars. Hence the extra precaution, above mentioned, regarding the telegraph.

In due time the train with Mr. Lincoln reached Washington, and he being safe there, the officer, as previously instructed, sent a dispatch to "the gentleman" that "the parcel of documents had been delivered." The public, and, above all, the conspirators, awoke on the morning of the 24th to be astonished with the intelligence that Mr. Lincoln had arrived in Washington. It may be well to mention here that the story of his disguise in a "Scotch cap" and cloak was untrue. He wore his ordinary travelling cap, and was in no sense of the word disguised.

We have given this narrative as we received it, assured that in no essential particular can it vary from the circumstantial account of "the gentleman" to whose precautions, we believe, may be properly attributed the frustration of the first plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln.

In confirmation of the view that this plot was within the knowledge of certain eminent secessionists in Washington, it may be stated that a gentleman, who was a member of the "Peace Convention," then in session, heard one of the Southern members exclaim, when Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington was mentioned, "My God! how did he get here!" The surprise was too significant to be mistaken, when afterwards remembered and associated with other circumstances.

Presidential Succession.

The death of President Lincoln naturally excites an interest in the manner of choosing successors to the Presidency under extraordinary circumstances. Article II, section 5, of the Constitution provides for such emergencies as follows:—

"In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve upon the Vice President, and the Congress may, by law, provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a President shall be elected."

In accordance with the power delegated to Congress by this provision, an act was passed March 1, 1792, the following sections of which embody the details of the manner in which such vacancies are filled:—

Section 9, That in case of a removal, death, resignation or inability, both of the President and Vice President of the United States, the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, and, in case there shall be no President of the Senate, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for the time being, shall act as President of the United States, until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

Section 10, That whenever the offices of President and Vice President shall both become vacant, the Secretary of State shall forthwith cause a notification thereof to be made to the Executive of every State, and shall also cause the same to be published in, at least, one of the newspapers printed in each State, specifying that electors of the President of the United States shall be appointed or chosen in the several States, within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December then next ensuing: *Provided*, There shall be the space of two months between the date of such notification and the said first Wednesday in December; but if there shall not be the space of two months between the date of such notification and the first Wednesday in December, and if the term for which the President and Vice President last in office were elected shall not expire on the third day of March next ensuing, then the Secretary of State shall specify in the notification that the electors shall be appointed or chosen within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December in the year next ensuing, within which time the electors shall accordingly be appointed or chosen, and the electors shall meet and give their votes on the said first Wednesday in December, and the proceedings and duties of the said electors and others shall be pursuant to the directions prescribed in this Act.

Booth's Idea of Immortal Fame.

From the Cleveland Leader, April 17:

We learn on the best authority that when Wilkes Booth was in this city a year and a half ago, he remarked to a prominent citizen that "the man who killed Abraham Lincoln would occupy a higher niche of fame than George Washington." This demonstrates that his infamous deed was long premeditated.

From the Chicago Journal:

A theatrical gentleman of this city informs us that in the early part of 1863, during an engagement of J. Wilkes Booth at McVicker's theatre, he made the remark one day, "What a glorious opportunity there is for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln!"

"What good would that do?" he was asked.

He then quoted these lines:—

"The ambitious youth who fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it."

"Well, who was that ambitious youth—what was his name?", was then asked.

"That I don't know," Booth replied.

"Then where's the fame you speak of?"

This, our informant tells us nonplussed him.

From this it would seem that the assassin has had the commission of this horrid crime in his mind for at least two or three years.

[NOTE.—Erostratus it was who set fire to the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. When put to the torture, he gave as his excuse "a yearning for immortality." The Ephesians, therefore, decreed that his name should pass into oblivion—but Theopompus mentioned the foolish youth's name in his history.—*Ed. Post.*]

A Remarkable Presentiment.

At the last Cabinet meeting which Mr. Lincoln attended, on Friday, at which Lieutenant-General Grant was present, he turned to the General and asked him if he had heard from General Sherman? General Grant replied that he had not, but was hourly in expectation of receiving dispatches from him, announcing the surrender of Johnston.

"Well," said the President, "you will hear very soon now, and the news will be important."

"Why do you think so?" said the General.

"Because," said Mr. Lincoln, "I had a dream last night, and ever since the war began I have invariably had the same dream before any important military event has occurred." He then instanced Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, etc., and said that before each of those events he had had the same dream, and turning to Secretary Welles, said:—

"It is in your line, too, Mr. Welles. The dream is, that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly, and I am sure that it portends some important national event."

On Friday evening the most important event of the last four years occurred. The assassination of the President recalled the incident forcibly to the recollection of those present.

Additional Testimony in Regard to the ASSASSINATION.

The following affidavits have a most important bearing on the recent tragedy. As they were drawn up with great care, and are in the form of legal evidence, they will be read with interest. They are published with a view to prevent all misapprehension or doubt which heretofore may have existed in regard to the sad event:—

AFFIDAVIT OF MAJOR RATHBONE.

District of Columbia, City of Washington, ss.—Henry R. Rathbone, brevet Major in the Army of the United States, being duly sworn, says: That on the 14th day of April, instant, at about twenty minutes past eight o'clock, in the evening, he, with Miss Clara H. Harris, left his residence, at the corner of Fifteenth and H streets, and joined the President and Mrs. Lincoln, and went with them, in their carriage, to Ford's Theatre, in Tenth street; the box assigned to the President is in the second tier, on the right hand side of the audience, and was occupied by the President and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and the deponent, and by no other person; the box is entered by passing from the front of the building in the rear of the dress circle to a small entry or passage way, about eight feet in length and four feet in width. This passage way is entered by a door, which opens on the inner side.

The door is so placed as to make an acute angle between it and the wall behind it on the inner side. At the inner end of this passage way is another door, standing squarely across, and opening into the box. On the left hand side of the passage way, and very near the inner end, is a third door, which also opens into the box. This latter door was closed. The party entered the box through the door at the end of the passage way. The box is so constructed that it may be divided into two by a moveable partition, one of the doors described leading into each. The front of the box is about ten or twelve feet in length, and in the centre of the railing is a small pillar, overhung with a curtain. The depth of the box, from front to rear, is about nine feet. The elevation of the box above the stage, including the railing, is about ten or twelve feet.

When the party entered the box, a cushioned arm chair was standing at the end of the box furthest from the stage and nearest to the audience. This was also the nearest point to the door by which the box is entered. The President seated himself in the chair, and except that he once left the chair for the purpose of putting on his overcoat, remained so seated until he was shot. Mrs. Lincoln was seated in a chair between the President and the pillar in the centre, above described. At the opposite end of the box, that nearest the end of the stage, were two chairs. In one of these, standing in the corner, Miss Harris was seated. At her left hand, and along the wall running from that end of the box to the rear, stood a small sofa. At the end of this sofa, next to Miss Harris, this deponent was seated. The distance between this deponent and the President, as they were sitting, was about seven or eight feet, and the distance between this deponent and the door was about the same. The distance between the President, as he sat, and the door was about four or five feet. The door, according to the recollection of this deponent, was not closed during the evening.

When the second scene of the third act was being performed, and *while this deponent* was intently observing the proceedings upon the stage, with his back toward the door, he heard the discharge of a pistol behind him, and looking around saw, through the smoke, a man between the door and the President. At the same time deponent heard him shout some words, which deponent thinks was "*Freedom!*" This deponent instantly sprang towards him and seized him; he wrested himself from the grasp and made a violent thrust at the breast of deponent with a large knife. Deponent parried the blow by striking it up, and received a wound several inches deep in his left arm, between the elbow and the shoulder. The orifice of the wound is about 1½ inches in length, and extends upwards towards the shoulder several inches. The man rushed to the front of the box, and deponent endeavored to seize him again, but only caught his clothes as he was leaping over the railing of the box. The clothes, as deponent believes, were torn in his attempt to seize him. As he went over upon the stage deponent cried out with a loud voice, "Stop that man." Deponent then turned to the President; his position was not changed; his head was slightly bent forward, and his eyes were closed. Deponent saw that he was unconscious, and supposing him mortally wounded, rushed to the door for the purpose of calling medical aid. On reaching the outer door of the passage way as above described, deponent found it barred by a heavy piece of plank, one end of which was secured in the wall, and the other resting against the door. It had been so securely fastened that it required considerable force to remove it. This wedge or bar was about four feet from the floor. Persons upon the outside were beating against the door for the purpose of entering. Deponent removed the bar, and the door was opened. Several persons who represented themselves to be surgeons were allowed to enter. Deponent saw there Col. Crawford, and requested him to prevent other persons from entering the box. Deponent then returned to the box, and found the surgeons examining the President's person. They had not yet discovered the wound. As soon as it was discovered, it was determined to remove him from the theatre. He was carried out, and this deponent then proceeded to assist Mrs. Lincoln, who was intensely excited, to leave the theatre. On reaching the head of the stairs, deponent requested Major Potter to aid him in assisting Mrs. Lincoln across the street to the house to which the President was being conveyed. The wound which deponent had received had been bleeding very profusely, and on reaching the house, feeling very faint from the loss of blood, he seated himself in the hall, and soon after fainted away, and was laid upon the floor. Upon the return of consciousness deponent was taken in a carriage to his residence.

In the review of the transaction, it is the confident belief of this deponent that the time which elapsed between the discharge of the pistol and the time when the assassin leaped from the box did not exceed thirty seconds. Neither Mrs. Lincoln nor Miss Harris had left their seats. H. R. RATHBONE.

Subscribed and sworn before me, this 17th day of April, 1865. A. B. OLIN,
Justice Supreme Court, D. C.

AFFIDAVIT OF MISS HARRIS.

District of Columbia, City of Washington, ss:—Clara H. Harris, being duly sworn, says that she has read the foregoing affidavit of Major Rathbone, and knows the contents thereof; that she was present at Ford's Theatre with the President and Mrs. Lincoln, and Major Rathbone, on the evening of the 14th of April, inst.; that at the time she heard the discharge of the pistol she was attentively engaged in observing what was transpiring upon the stage, and looking round, she saw Major Rathbone spring from his seat and advance to the opposite side of the box; that she saw him engaged as if in a struggle with another man, but the smoke with which he was enveloped prevented this deponent from seeing distinctly the other man; that the first time she saw distinctly was when he leaped from the box upon the stage; that she then heard Major Rathbone cry out, "Stop that man!" and this deponent then immediately repeated the cry, "Stop that man! Won't somebody stop that man?" A moment after some one from the stage asked, "What is it?" or "What is the matter?" and deponent replied, "The President is shot." Very soon after, two persons, one wearing the uniform of a naval surgeon, and the other that of a soldier of the Veteran Reserve Corps, came upon the stage, and the deponent assisted them in climbing up to the box.

And this deponent further says that the facts stated in the foregoing affidavit, so far as the same came to the knowledge or notice of this deponent, are accurately stated therein.

CLARA H. HARRIS.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 18th day of April, 1865. A. B. OLIN,
Justice Supreme Court, D. C.

☞ A lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, with an original poem by Sir Philip Sydney on receiving it, has lately been found in an old folio volume of the Arcadia, at Walton, in England. The hair in color is golden brown.

☞ We have heard much of the power of a woman's eye, but the eyelids are still more powerful; they can wink down a reputation.

JARRED'S "EMAIL DE PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retiring lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Mlle. Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists, Perfumers and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARRED & REDD, Philada., Pa. mar11-3m

TO CURE CATARRH.—What is the Catarrh? It is a defluxion or increased secretion of mucus from the membranes of the nose, fauces and bronchiæ, with fever, sneezing, cough, thirst, lassitude, and loss of appetite, and sometimes an entire loss of taste, called also a cold. An Epidemic Catarrh is called Influenza, a catarrhal affection of the mucous membrane of the nostrils and fauces. To cure above, add to half a pint of cold water ten drops of Dr. S. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINE-APPLE CIDER; take some of the mixture in your hand and snuff it up your nose, until it comes out of your mouth; be thorough with the snuffing, in order to reach the affected parts. It may take six months to cure, but a decided improvement will be observed in thirty days.

For sale everywhere.
B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington Street, New York.
H. C. KELLOGG, Agent at Philadelphia.
Also for sale by H. A. BOWERS, N. W. corner 6th and Green Streets, Philada.

ATTENTION COMPANY!—Volunteers, who expect to retain their health unimpaired during the campaign, must see to it themselves; do not trust to the Army Surgeons; supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Every English soldier's knapsack contains them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,12. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour continue light. The week's sales reach 7,000 bbls. in lots, at $7,52@8 for superfine, $8,25@8,75 for extras, $8,75@9,50 for extra family, $10@11 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, and 1,000 bbls Lancaster county at $9 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are dull at previous rates.

GRAIN—There is rather more Wheat offering, and prices are unsettled and drooping, with sales of 14,000 bushels at $2@2,15 for fair to choice reds, and white at $2,20@2,30. Rye is steady at $1,23. Corn is firm; 35,000 bushels Yellow found buyers at $1,20@1,22. Oats—1,500 bushels sold at 81@82c.

PROVISIONS—The stock and receipts of the Hog product generally are light, and the market steady, with a small business to note in barrelled meats at $28@30 for Mess Pork, and $16@23 ₩ bbl for plain and extra Mess Beef. 250 bbls choice Beef Hams sold at 27½. Bacon moves off at 18@20c for plain and fancy Hams, and 17@18c for Shoulders. For Green Meats the demand is moderate at 16@18½c for pickled Hams, and 15@15½c for Shoulders in salt. Lard is selling at 17@19c for tierces, the latter for prime; 100 kegs sold at 22½c. Butter ranges at 12@25c for common to prime packed and roll, and 35@45c for choice, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is selling at 18@20c ₩ lb. Eggs are quoted at 23@24c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market is more active; the week's sales reaching some 400 bales at 35@40c for middlings.

BARK continues dull, and last No 1 Quercitron is held at $49.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and drooping, ranging at $8@8,50 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS are dull at 60c ₩ lb for good Western.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to small lots of Dried Apples and Peaches at about previous rates.

HAY is selling at $30 ₩ ton.

HOPS continue inactive and the sales limited at 45@50c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is very quiet; 500 tons No 1 Anthracite sold at $62. Sales of a few small lots are reported at $40@43 for Forge, and $44@46 for Foundry.

LUMBER—The market is firm; we quote White Pine Boards at $36@38, Yellow Sap do at $26@27, and Lehigh Hemlock at $20. River Hemlock has been nearly all closed out at $16@17 ₩ M. White Pine Shingles are very scarce.

OILS—Petroleum is but a little inquired for, and the offerings and sales are light at 35@36 for crude, 54@56c for refined, in bond, and 76@77c for free Oil.

PLASTER—Sales at $5 ₩ ton.

RICE—We quote Rangoon nominally at 10@10½c, and Savannah at 12@12½ ₩ lb.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed is less active at $17½@18½ ₩ bushel. Timothy is quiet at $4,50 ₩ bushel. Flaxseed is in steady demand at $2,50@2,55 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quiet at $2,35@2,40. Whiskey is dull at $2,15@2,18 for bbls.

SUGARS are firm, with sales of som 1,400 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 11½@12½c.

TALLOW is quoted at 11@11½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is very quiet. There is some little inquiry for low fleece, which is selling at 70@75c, and some small sales of tub are reported at 80@85c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from $14 to 19,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 1800 Hogs at from $17,00 to 18,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 9 to 12 cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 55 ₩ head.

COE'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 36 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR.
BALDNESS PREVENTED.
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" NO DYE "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
The hair is renovated and strengthened, and restored to its original color without the application of mineral substances. Can be applied by the hand or brush, as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. Delicately perfumed. A pleasure to apply.
Price 75 cents per bottle, or $4 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. feb18-eow

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.—HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

ARMY ITCH VERY PREVALENT. SURE CURE.
"*Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*"
"*Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*"
Cures Tetter, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Sores, all Eruptions. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States. feb18-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Cedarcroft, residence of Bayard Taylor, Chester county, Pa., on Thursday, April 13th, by the Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philada., CHARLES R. LAMBORN, late Lieut. Col. of the Anderson Cavalry, to EMMA, daughter of Jos. Taylor, Esq.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. THOMAS J. HARING to Miss AMELIA RECKMAN, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOHN R. FRANKLIN to Miss MARY A. GIBON, daughter of the late David W. and Elizabeth Gibon, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Castle, Mr. Z. C. HOLCOMBE to Miss MARY E. MARSHALL, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. SAMUEL J. SMITH to Mrs. ALICE T. HURST, both of this city.

On the 16th of March, 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL APPLEGATH to Miss MARY HUTENLOCK, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. C. Walters, Mr. JASPER N. DICK to Miss EMMA COZENS, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Claxton, JOHN B. FONTAINE to ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Matthew Cartwright, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, JOHN M. HANDLEY, in his 51st year.

On the 18th instant, MORRIS C. GARRETT, in his 24th year.

On the 18th instant, GEORGE W. BOWMAN, in his 54th year.

On the 15th instant, ACHLIN, wife of Victor Gillou, in her 27th year.

On the 17th instant, RACHEL R., wife of Valentine Pomroy, in her 61st year.

On the 16th instant, CHARLES L. A. SLATER, Jr., in his 25th year.

On the 10th instant, ELIJAH CRESTON, in his 88th year.

On the 16th instant, JAMES BAKER, in his 20th year.

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On the 15th instant, ELIZABETH ANN, wife of Geo. W. Carleton, in her 29th year.

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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

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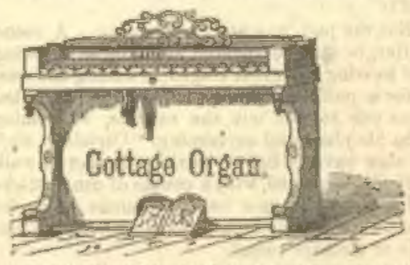

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100 PHOTOGRAPHS OF FEMALE BEAUTIES, in Oil Colors, for 50 cents, or plain ones for 25 cents.
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feb25-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Candy Man Sold.

When Dan Rice visited Kentucky, a few years since, with his circus troop, he was accompanied, as usual, by confectionery dealers, who displayed their stock of delectable edibles under small canvases outside the main tent.

One morning early, Dan Rice was at the town of F——, and the candy men soon had their good things exposed to the crowd of boys who surrounded them, and offered "great inducements to purchasers." One big, red-headed fellow seemed particularly desirous to outsell his competitors, and cried off his goods in the following manner:

"Here's yer nice cakes and candies, and iced lemonade! Ten cents' worth of candy for half a dime! This is the place to get the worth of your money," &c.

One little fellow, about ten years old, stepped up to the counter and called for ten cents' worth of candy. Having received two "sticks," each half as long as his arm, he deposited a fip and started off.

"Hello!" cried red-head; "you didn't give me enough money."

"Yes, I did," said the youngster. "You said you would give ten cents worth for five cents."

And off trotted the little wag, laughing in his sleeve at having "sold" the candy man.

Anecdote of Macready.

It was Macready's practice, in the scene between Hamlet and his mother, wherein the former unwittingly kills Polonius, to take two candlesticks from the table, and rushing behind the arras, exclaim: "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! I took you for your better!" While uttering these words, Macready's servant would powder his face with a puff, that he might, on his return to the scene, exhibit the ghastliness consequent upon the alarming discovery he had made. One night he left the stage in the usual way; but when he got to the wing he discovered, to his consternation, that his servant was absent. The man had been annoyed by his master's violence. Still Macready went on with his speech, intermingling with it calls for the powder puff.

"Thou wretched, (puff!) rash, (puff!) intruding (puff!) fool, (puff!) farewell! (puff! puff!)"

But the puff was not forthcoming. A scene shifter, or stage carpenter, standing at the wing and hearing the great tragedian calling anxiously for a puff, conceived that Macready wanted some one to puff out the candles, so, coming from his place and exclaiming, "Certainly, sir," he blew out the lights, leaving Hamlet to walk back, disconcerted, with a couple of candlesticks in his hands, whence issued columns of smoke resembling the horizontal streams from the funnels of a steam vessel.

A Danish Lover.—Madame Heiberg, a famous actress of Copenhagen, was once engaged to a man quite unfitted for her, who, amongst his other gifts, possessed a rare amount of avarice. One day, in early spring, the lady and her ungenerous swain were driving, in a hired coach, along an avenue in the park, near Copenhagen. The gentleman, in a fit of unusual ill humor, drove on and on without saying a word. The actress, out of patience, broke silence at last. Opening both the doors of the coach, "Monsieur," she said, "the best plan is to put an end to this. Do you get out of your door—I mean to get out at mine. Adieu for ever!" Upset at first by the sudden rupture, which he did not in the least expect, he reflected an instant, and then seemed to agree to the proposition. "But which of us," he asked, "is to pay the fare?"

Demoralized, but Not Scattered.—The Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel has the following good story of a rebel soldier:—A soldier of Bates' division, after the command had run two days from Nashville, had thrown away his gun and accoutrements, and, alone in the woods, sat down and commenced thinking—the first chance he had had for such a thing. Rolling up his sleeves, and looking at his legs and general physique, he thus gave vent to his 'phoelinks:—'I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized; but no man can say I am scattered.'"

The Old Homestead.

Fathers, take care to preserve the homestead. Sons, preserve the old homestead. It will pay—yes, if you build another. Think of it. Be slow to sell.

Do you doubt it? Go to Quincy. You see the modest abode of the father of the second President of our Union. Near by is the home of his son. Near by, that of his grandson; and not far off that of our present Minister to the Court of St. James. Near by, that of the present J. Q. Adams.

Nor is the old home unprofitable. The skillful tenant makes the soil productive to himself and owners. But there is a greater profit. There is a retreat from the storms of life. It is safe. It is inspiring—rest. At it again.

Said the preserver of an old home in Bristol county, "It does me good to go and review old memories." Is he the only one who has been benefitted? Have the homes of the elder Adams and his descendants no power to revive memories? to furnish incentives to great and noble actions?

Keep the homestead. Beautify it. Let the paint be fresh, the halls and rooms attractive, the old libraries cared for, trees flourishing, the walnut, butternut and apple. Every time posterity looks at it, they will think of bygone virtues to be reproduced in children's children, and then produce them. Trees may die. Not family virtues.

The Hair.—Stiff hair is sometimes the sign of obstinacy, sleek locks denote patience, a curly head is always accompanied by wit and a love of pleasure. Baldness is the sign of an active mind, unless the bald man brush his back hair forward to cover the front; that is the mark of a mean and vulgar spirit, or, which is still worse, unless he wears a wig, in which case he must unquestionably be classed among the snobs. Premature gray hair denotes misanthropy, continued suffering, whether physical or moral, excessive labor, or dissipation. With regard to those abundant locks which time is powerless to bleach, they are the badge of an even disposition, and of a mediocre intellect.

☞ "You men are a covet-us set," said a conceited young lady.

HOW TO DO IT.

Podgers (who considers himself rather a lady-killer).—"Oh, I'm not going into that empty carriage; put me into one with some pretty gals."

Porter.—"You jump in, sir, and put your head out of the winder, you'll soon have a carriage full." [Podgers sees it immediately, and enters.

MAKE-SHIFT FURNITURE.

By Emma W.

A New York girl, brought up amidst all the luxuries that affluence bestows, was called on, by reasons which none could censure, to change the gay conventionalities of life for the lot of a poor man's wife, and the scant comforts of a settler's home. "Give me boards, barrels, hammer, and nails," she said, "and I could furnish a house, and comfortably too."

And so she might; for many a scantily-furnished abode, above the standard of a backwoods log-hut, has been made more comfortable than it would otherwise have been with the addition to its appointments of make-shift furniture; not that any person need reasonably despise bought furniture—I do not by any means—but circumstances in life do occur to many under which they may be glad to make home comfortable by invention in the temporary or permanent absence of that good substitute for it—money.

A barrel will make a very good chair of novel and comfortable form. Saw away half the front, (first nailing the hoops securely,) leave the back its full height, and with the aid of the saw form the sides into arms. Then fix a seat of wood; place on that a thick, well-filled cushion, with raised sides; pad the back and arms, and cover all with chintz, moreen, or any material you may happen to have. Very tolerable seats, ottomans, and settees of various shapes and sizes, may be made of boxes, with cushions on them, and full curtains of furniture print hanging round their sides. For those who have to crowd into rooms too small to accommodate an adequate supply of wardrobes and chests of drawers, the interiors of such boxes will prove very convenient; and many who cannot command the luxury of a properly made sofa, might improvise one from a box and cushions, and glean a rich harvest of satisfaction in the ease and rest settling on the worn features of some dear relative or friend reposing on its soft cushions, and the kindness that made them together.

Our friend the cask, too, may be made to serve for a washstand, which, although humble, will be much better than none. Fix a square or octagon-shaped board on the top of the barrel, nail round it a curtain to hang down to the floor, and cut in it a circular hole for the basin, or not, according to fancy. To utilise the interior of the barrel, some staves in front, under the curtain, may be taken away, and a shelf fixed half-way up. Where two or more persons occupy one room, a screen for the washing-stand may be made with a simple frame like a folding clothes-horse, and covered with either print or paper.

A convenient addition to the furniture of a spare bedroom may be made with an open-work, light wicker basket, such as milliners use for sending home bonnets. It should be large, as long as the width of the bedstead, at the foot of which it may stand. It should be lined with glazed calico, and covered with print, or with a covering to match the bed furniture; and it will be found very useful to lady visitors for putting away bonnets, &c., and will often save the lady of the house the trouble of clearing drawers or wardrobe shelves for her visitors' use.

Pretty imitation vases may be made of card, painted, and left without a bottom, so that they can be put over a jug or glass of flowers; and picture-frames, much prettier than those of wood, are of pasteboard, covered with layers from cones of the pine and fir tree, tastefully arranged and varnished.

☞ The Chicago Post says the name of the state of Illinois originated in this manner:—"A party of Frenchmen set out upon an exploring expedition down the river, which they afterward named, providing themselves with bark canvas, and relying chiefly for their subsistence upon the game. They found at the confluence of this river with the Mississippi, an island thickly wooded with black walnut. It was a season of the year when the nuts were ripe, and this party of explorers, encamping upon this island, greatly enjoyed the luxury of this fruit. From this circumstance they called the island the 'Island of Nuts'—or, in French, '*Isle aux noix*'—which name was given to the river which they explored, and thence to the territory and state. This explanation of the word 'Illinois' more fully accords with the orthography of the word, which has certainly a French termination—and the rapid prounciation of the French '*Isle aux noix*' would naturally lead to the Anglicism of the terms into its present shape, 'Illinois.'"

☞ A romantic writer describing a first kiss says:—"The next moment, the dainty lips swept a perfumed touch across his own."

Sociability.

It is often said of persons, in a complimentary way, that they are sociable, meaning that they are friendly and talkative; but it depends somewhat on the character of a person's speech, as well as its quantity, whether their acquaintance is desirable or not.

Persons may be ever so well meaning, but if their conversation is only of the prevailing sickness, or the last horrible murder in the papers, unless you incline particularly to such kinds of entertainment, they will be likely to prove dull companions in the end.

Or if an acquaintance is simply prosy, and talks with as dignified an air as if he fancied himself to be delivering a lecture on some moral subject, without any of the familiar language which makes intercourse with friends so charming, you will be as likely to go to sleep during his discourse as you would on the cars while they were in motion, and wake up when he stopped. Or, if your caller should happen to be one full of his or her own petty cares, who will treat you to a history of all their little vexations, you will soon become tired, or irritable, or both; but no matter, you must hear all their plans for the present and future, whether you will or not. Sometimes, too, you will hear nothing but bits of flying gossip about people you are not at all interested in from this kind of sociable people. But when a friend enters about your own stamp, and you cannot speak without calling up a response from his mind, when your ideas and experiences correspond, and your heart grows lighter with the friendly interchange of thought, you are enjoying one of the highest pleasures of social intercourse. Such hours need not be counted among the vanishing pleasures, for the recollection of them is agreeable to both ever after.

☞ Punctuation.—It appears certain that the ancients were not acquainted with the use of any punctuation marks to assist the reader in ascertaining the sense of the author, but that he was left to discover it from the general tenor of the subject. The earliest printed books had no stops, but some arbitrary signs here and there, introduced according to the humor of the printer. The marks of punctuation now used were invented in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

☞ The more idle a rumor is, the busier it generally is.

AGRICULTURAL.

Rural Economy.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

I have no very clear recollection of the last remarks made, though I have an impression there was something about fences in them—well—no matter. There are several things yet to be said respecting rural economy, that some one ought to say, and several others take heed to.

I do not purpose preaching from *Agricultural* texts, and in the discussion of rural improvements consecutively. Mechanically speaking, I intend to hew to the line here and there, letting the chips fly where they will. So let us briefly resume the

FENCE.

Were I the proprietor of five, fifteen, fifty, or five hundred acres of wooded, Western territory, where burning up in the field good raw logs and capital fencing timber is the rule, I would never lay a single length of the heathenish abomination, known as "worm," "Virginia," or rail fence. Let us play at "practicals" a few moments.

We lay up a Virginia worm fence in new countries, on the score of economy. Let us look into that economy—rails, say thirteen feet long, laid at an angle of 35 deg. One foot off at either end for lap. Draw a line from corner to corner, measure down into the angle, and we have a depth of five and a-half feet nearly. If the "stake and rider" rule is observed, which is almost always necessary, two and a-half feet more is surrendered to the stakes, making a breadth of a good eight feet, cleared, to be given up in the first fencing to worse than absolute waste—to become the vantage ground of briars, brambles, and noxious weeds, which disfigure our boundaries, and scatter annually their millions of pestilential seeds, seriously interfering with our husbandry and the growth of legitimate crops, necessitating at some time a second clearing of the ground at an expense equal to the first.

Besides these disadvantages, we have absolutely thrown away, in a forty acre farm, bisected into ten acre fields, very nearly seven acres of arable land, cleared at an average expense of $17 per acre, and which in cultivation would nett us yearly sixty more—$77 per acre—in the aggregate, $539, a sum sufficient to fence our forty acres, once in every eleven months, with a neat, efficient, post and rail fence, to which we can cultivate within eighteen inches; besides saving ourselves eighty per cent. of labor in exterminating weeds, sown annually from our propagating fence corners.

COSMO.

What is an Inch of Rain?

The last weekly return of the Registrar-General, gives the following interesting information in respect to rainfall: "Rain fell in London to the amount of 0.43 inches, which is equivalent to 45 tons of rain per acre. The rainfall during last week varied from 30 tons per acre in Edinburgh, to 215 tons per acre in Glasgow. An English acre consists of 6,272,640 square inches; and an inch deep of rain on an acre yields 6,272,640 cubic inches of water, which at 277,-274 cubic inches to the gallon, makes 22,622 5 gallons; and, as a gallon of distilled water weighs 10 lbs., the rainfall on an acre is 226,-255 lbs. avoirdupois; but 2,240 lbs. are a ton, and consequently an inch deep of rain weighs nearly 101 tons per acre. For every 100th of an inch a ton of water falls per acre." If any agriculturist were to try the experiment of distributing artificially that which nature so bountifully supplies, he would soon feel inclined to rest and be thankful.—*English Paper.*

. Meridian Mark.—Many farmers who live remote from the town clock, find a meridian mark very convenient. One is easily made. Fasten a planed board horizontally where the sun shines. Now take a pair of compasses and strike several circles inside of the other. Set up a pin in the centre so that the shadow of the head of the pin will strike one of the circles in the forenoon, and mark the point. Then watch when it strikes the same circle in the afternoon and also make a mark. Now take half the distance between the two marks and draw a line from that point through the centre of the circle and you have the centre of the meridian. The shadow of the pin on that line is your noon mark. Having ascertained this, you can easily transfer it to any part of the house when most convenient.—*Maine Farmer.*

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Editor: Will you permit me to come occasionally to your domestic circle; bringing such humble offerings as I have, and hope to present for the benefit of here and there a Post reader? Being but a plain, practical cook, I have little acquaintance with fancy, fashionable extravagancies in the *cuisine;* but all I shall have to offer, I can insure as good and economical; sometimes, perhaps, introducing novelties into the Post-women's kitchens.

Cracker Crullers.—There are very few housewives I imagine, who are advised that the common water cracker, properly prepared, will produce one of the most palatable, delicious dishes for either breakfast or tea, that can be placed on the table. My method of preparation is as follows:—Soak the crackers twenty minutes, in clear, cold water, when they will be increased to twice their original size, and as *puffy* as a sponge. Place them carefully, to avoid breaking, in a pan or skillet, having in it, just so much hot butter, fat, or clean "drippings" as you would use for frying fish—fry one side to a rich brown, and then turn carefully, and when done, serve hot. If it is desired to transform a capital dish into a first-class delicacy, split the cooked crackers, and either sift over the inner side powdered sugar, or spread them with any kind of fruit jelly.

Corn Bread.—I have practised my corn bread these ten years, and have never yet heard its excellence discredited. Cooks and housekeepers, go you and do likewise. For a corn-cake, to fill a dripping-pan twelve inches long, nine wide, and two deep; take one and a half pints of sour milk. Never use buttermilk, if you have to buy it. It is generally *five-fourths* stale water, and unfit for cooking. Beat two eggs as for cake, take two tablespoonfuls of shortening—butter, if you can afford it—lard or any clean odorless "drippings," are just as good. One tablespoonful of clean, brown sugar. Add these to the sour milk, warm to a blood temperature, and stir till all are thoroughly incorporated. Then stir in first two spoonfuls of wheat flour. Dissolve a heaping teaspoonful of *Babbit's* saleratus in a gill of warm water, and stir it in. Then stir in yellow corn meal until you have a stiff batter. Grease your pan thoroughly, and pour in the batter an inch in depth and evenly over the surface. Bake immediately in a moderately hot oven, until the surface is a rich, dark brown; and if the directions be strictly followed, the result will be as capital corn bread as was ever eaten.

Carolina Pastry.—I christened it thus, because the first dish of it I ever saw or heard of, I achieved once in an hour of idleness, away down in the interior of the "Old North state." Roll out a crust, shortened as for pies, and line therewith a round, shallow skillet "or spider," soak for five minutes slices of stale bread, and place a compact layer of slices in the bottom of the skillet. Butter the surface moderately; sift over it fine white sugar, and put in either a layer of apple-butter, strawberries, blackberries, stoned cherries, good ripe peaches, pared and cut, or sweet apples pared, quartered, and sliced thin—any of the fruits are excellent. Lay in another course of bread—butter, sugar, and fruit as before; continuing until a four, five, or six story—according to the depth of the skillet, is made up. Cover the composite with a crust, ornament to your fancy, and bake in a slow oven two hours; and you will have a fruit pastry good enough for a side dish for a queen.

M. E. K.

To Cleanse a Cistern.—Apply two pounds of caustic soda in the water, and in a few hours, it is said, all foulness or unpleasant smell will disappear. Concentrated lye will answer an equally good purpose.—*Exchange Paper.*

To Keep Maple Syrup.—The Ohio Farmer says:—"The best way to keep the syrup from losing is to seal it up hot in cans, the same as fruit is sealed up in the fall. At this time of year, many of the fruit cans are empty, and can be used for this purpose. Put up in this way, maple syrup will keep for years, and retain that nice flavor it has when first made, but which is lost in a few months if kept in ordinary jugs or casks.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 9, 30, 20, 14, 10, 10, 27, 8, 26, was a celebrated French voyager.
My 22, 7, 3, 23, 30, 2, 15, 25, 27, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
My 4, 18, 7, 4, 14, 32, 5, 22, is a race of men in Europe.
My 24, 21, 3, 7, 1, 25, 7, 3, is a noted volcano.
My 13, 5, 20, 12, 23, is a species of Black Sea.
My 28, 25, 15, 30, 2, 15, 19, 14, 30, is a strait of Europe.
My 11, 7, 6, 22, 3, is a Spanish title.
My 15, 30, 29, 4, 4, 17, 15, 25, is a species of coal.
My whole is the name and occupation of a celebrated discoverer of the middle ages.

Philada. HARRY O'DANNIELS.

Charade.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

When a maiden is asked, for the first time, to wed,
She is apt to be bashful, and hang down her head;
Because she's my *first;* but she's not to blame.
Now, ladies, I've no doubt you'd all do the same.

When a man "puts on airs," on account of his riches,
Who despises a man who wears corduroy breeches;
Nor honor nor virtue by him are much reckon'd,
I delight to have him have his pride brought my *second.*

My *whole* is a place of modern renown;
'Tis not a large city, nor yet a great town;
Its praises are told in song and in story,
And the soldiers who fought there are covered with glory.

Tullakoma, Tenn. GAHMEW.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My 1st is in toast, but not in bread.
My 2d is in hat, but not in cap.
My 3d is in there, but not in that.
My 4th is in rat, but not in cat.
My 5th is in east, but not in north.
My 6th is in ink, but not in pen.
My 7th is in sight, but not in right.
My 8th is in then, but not in those.
My 9th is in oats, but not in grain.
My 10th is in tea, also in toast.
My 11th is in heat, but not in cold.
My 12th is in if, but not in and.
My 13th is in note, but not in letter.
My 14th is in good, but not in bad.
My 15th is in lend, but not in borrow.
My 16th is in inch, but not in foot.
My 17th is in look, but not in see.
My 18th is in meat, but not in butter.
My 19th is in tent, but not in house.
My 20th is in rent, but not in vent.
My 21st is in much, but not in little.
My 22d is in beet, but not in carrot.
My 23d is in love, but not in like.
My 24th is in mite, but not in mote.
My 25th is in tarts, but not in pies.
My 26th is in rule, but not in precept.
My 27th is in eel, but not in fish.
My whole is a beautiful saying.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Omit my 2d and 4th, and I am a dessert,
Omit my 1st, and I am a kind of grain.
My whole is a rebel general. YATES.

Keokuk, Iowa.

Geometrical Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I made myself a large earthen hollow vessel, whose inner hollow was in the shape of a sphere; of which, however, the upper part, or a segment thereof, was cut away level, to make an opening into it, just large enough to admit into it a solid round heavy ball, or sphere, which sphere I thus placed inside of the first and hollow vessel, and filled up the remaining space thereof with water. When I found that this space just exactly held 10 gallons, wine measure, each gallon taken at 231 cubical inches, and also that the inlaid ball, while it, with its lowest point, touched the lowest point of the vessel, was just of such magnitude and diameter that its upper point was just covered with the water, while at the same time the first-named vessel was thus just filled to the brim. Three questions arise in this problem:—1. What was the whole capacity of the vessel? 2. What was the diameter of the inlaid ball? And 3. Supposing the inlaid ball is taken from out of the water, to what depth will the water be left standing in the lower part of the said vessel?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A man wishes to purchase 100 animals for £100; cows at £5; sheep at £1; geese at one shilling. Required, the number of each?

Millington, Ct. JAS. H. SWAN.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is matrimony like wash-leather? Ans.—Because it often polishes a spoon.

☞ Why are tall soldiers the most worthy of men? Ans.—Because they are always on the right.

☞ When is a boat like a heap of snow? Ans.—When it is a drift.

☞ Why is a fool like twenty hundred-weight? Ans.—Because he is a simple-ton.

☞ What is the difference between a bee and a donkey? Ans.—One has the honey, and the other the whacks.

Answers to Last.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—The discovery of petroleum in sections of several northern states. RIDDLE—Plum-pudding. DOUBLE REBUS—Rhode Island, In God we Hope, (Rhemi, Huron, Og, Dido, Edward, I know, Seine, Lehigh, Apollo, Nap, Die.) CHARADE—Indiana, (Inn, Die, Ann, Nay.) CHARADE—Fox-glove.